

# McCall's

MARCH  
1918

McCall's

10 cts





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THE H. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

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FAIRY



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Eagle Brand is the milk of healthy, carefully inspected cows. It is put into cans and hermetically sealed under the most hygienic conditions. For sixty years it has been the standard infant food. It's always the same—always easily prepared and easily digested.

At all better drug and grocery stores.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY, 108 Hudson Street, New York



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## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

### Not Sanitary Yet

ONCE in a while we are made to realize that we are not sanitary yet! They took away our gourds and the tin cup we had tied to a string at school. And now they are saying that chocolate ice-cream soda ought, by all laws, to have killed us long ago. They say that, under the microscope, one glass washed in the usual careless manner in standing water by the soda-water clerk averages a population of 3,000,000 germs, representing a dozen serious diseases. But nobody drinks soda under a microscope! Still, when one comes to think of it, microscope or no microscope, it isn't pleasant to remember that children drink the last drop from the glass a consumptive may have used before. Indeed, that may be how the boy got those sores on his mouth, how whooping cough, bad colds, sore throats, and diphtheria began in the village. It might be as well to see to it that the soda-fountain man provides waxed paper cups in which to serve our children ice-cream sodas! Then there might be a law forcing all those who will not listen to reason to protect the health of America.

### They

OF all the tyrants in the world, *They* cause us the most grief. What *they* will think dominates most of us utterly. It is only when we get out from under their dominion that we really begin to live.

*They* dominate what we shall wear, where we shall spend our vacations, in what manner we shall be mar-

ried, and, to a large extent, whom we shall marry, what we shall name the new baby, and how we shall be buried. From earliest consciousness to our farewell breath, we are taught to live so *they* will approve.

Nine-tenths of the nervous prostration in the world is caused by trying to live up to the standard *they* set for us. A woman who had recovered from several nervous collapses, said: "When I ceased to care what *they* thought, I knew that, for me, the danger of nervous breakdowns was forever past."

I have a friend who is such a slave to *their* opinion, that if she lives in a neighborhood where the women ~~around~~ have their washing on the line by eight o'clock Monday morning, hers must be out by seven-forty-five; and if the neighbors put theirs out at seven-forty-five, then, whatever the circumstances, she must get hers out at seven-thirty!

Someone said to a woman who had attained success in her chosen work, but who was exceedingly independent, "You care so little for the opinions of other people, I wonder that you have not gone wrong." "Ah," she said, "I have kept right because I care so tremendously what myself will think of me."

If we give our best selves a chance, they will lead us right. Let's take time, in these strenuous days, to listen to the self within and *they* of our world will learn to respect us even though we do not always do exactly as *they* dictate. We cannot live so everybody will always approve. Then let us live so that each of us may say confidently, every day, "Myself respects me."

*See Announcements of Important Prize Contests on pages 55, 75 and 84*

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#### Manuscripts

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#### Advertisements

We will not knowingly, or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

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You can hear all the music you want.

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The better you know and the more you compare the Columbia Grafonola with other phonographs, the more the Columbia Grafonola will attract you. In a test, the Grafonola always appears at its best.

Columbia Grafonolas are priced at \$18 to \$250. Period designs up to \$2100.

*Food will win the war.  
Don't waste it.*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY  
NEW YORK



# THE NEW McCALL'S



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM  
AUTHOR OF OUR BIG NEW SERIAL

IT is only a month off now—the treat we have been promising you for the greater McCall's. With the April issue comes the first instalment of *The Zeppelin's Passenger*, another E. Phillips Oppenheim victory! No story of the famous Oppenheim's you have ever read has delighted you as will this latest work of his—a novel bound to be the prince of war fiction for 1918.

Think of it—the discovery of a mysterious Zeppelin—the coming of a hatless stranger—an absorbing love interest—news from a German prison camp, all in one instalment! Who but the author of *The Illustrious Prince*, *The Hillman*, *The Mysterious Mr. Sabin*, could give you romance and adventure so generously?

And who but James Montgomery Flagg—one of the foremost illustrators in the magazine world—could more successfully throw the spotlight on just the characters you want to see? Who better than James Montgomery Flagg could catch the spirit of an E. Phillips Oppenheim masterpiece? Days of pleasure are ahead of you in Oppenheim's big story, *The Zeppelin's Passenger*.

## "Over-the-Top" Empey Writes About Cooties

EVERYBODY has read *Over the Top*. Everybody has heard of Guy Empey, its author. And now, in the May McCall's, comes a new story—*Cooties*, by Guy Empey. The cootie that got into the soldier's love-letter; crossing the barbed wire of No-Man's Land; eating one's dinner lying ear-down to the ground; one comrade saving another just in time to get a death bullet himself; the funny amateur show during a gas attack—these are the things Mr. Empey makes you laugh and cry over. But remember—every laugh, every thrill, every sob he wrings from you will make it just that much easier when your own man goes "over there." We warn you—it will take you a long time to forget this dramatic McCall feature!

GUY EMPEY  
VINCENT ADERENTE  
GEORGE EDGAR VINCENT,  
President of Rockefeller  
Foundation.

NEXT month will bring The New and Greater McCall's! The April issue of McCall's Magazine will be the most beautiful and useful and the biggest magazine ever published at even a dollar a year. Each page of The New McCall's will be twice as large as the page you are reading now—a page that will permit us better to illustrate our stories and articles, to reproduce for you the works of the world's most successful artists, and to show most effectively the elegant McCall fashion designs. The millions of loyal friends of McCall's will rejoice in the success and progress of the magazine!

## E. Phillips Oppenheim's New Novel

## A Great Sermon by Henry Van Dyke

OUR newly appointed chaplain to the navy—a poet, seer; and writer of distinction—our one-time minister to the Netherlands—Dr. Henry Van Dyke—ushers in for you your bigger, greater McCall's with a tremendously moving message of inspiration and comfort. We are glad to bring you a war sermon from the heart of this great man.

## Stories! Stories! Stories!

A MAN'S got no business callin' himself a good provider, just because he's liberal with the bread and meat. A woman'll starve to death on bread and meat!" This is one of a cow-puncher's naive philosophies on married relations, in *Billy Fortune and the Good Provider*, by Wm. R. and Louis Duryea Lighton, atop the fiction ladder for April. A powerful war-and-love story by Alice Garland Steele, in which a secret service hero discovers a war-thief and finds his own younger brother involved; another tale of young-girl problems from Fannie Kilborne; and, finally, the irresistible *Grundys*, make up April's array of fiction! Clarence Underwood, Vincent Aderente, Lejaren Hiller, are among the big artists in this big McCall's.

## Inside Our War Camps with the President of the Rockefeller Foundation

MY boy's in camp! I wonder what he does all day long! That is the sum of every mother's thought to-day. In the April McCall's, Dr. George Edgar Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, which is now directing all its energies to camp activities, introduces you to our war camps as he knows them.

And because, as mothers' sons go off to war, mothers' lives and interests broaden, we are adding, in April, a page glimpsing woman's war work and other world-activities that will interest you.



ALICE GARLAND STEELE  
WHO WROTE *The Hidden Path*  
FOR APRIL



# BEGINS NEXT MONTH

## How to Keep Well



HERMANN M. BIGGS, M.D., HEALTH COMMISSIONER, NEW YORK.

and private practise, who will answer all health questions readers ask him. In the services of these two eminent physicians, McCall's gives you the greatest health opportunity in print.

## McCall Food Bureau

Did you ever hear of Candy Made from Vegetables? See April McCall's. Menus and recipes that work because they are tested; Easter dinners—what dishes to have, how to cook them, and serve them without a maid—new ideas and sound principles are combined in these cooking features. Mrs. Lilian M. Gunn, head of McCall's Food Bureau, is a practical cook and understands home problems. Common-sense suggestions for balance, variety, and economy in meals fill McCall's war-time food pages.

## Prize Contest

HAVE you ever earned money at home or "on the side"? We will pay you for telling us how you did it. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given in prizes in our HOME MONEY-MAKING LETTER CONTEST. Earn part of this. Do not delay; read page 75, take stock of yourself, and write us your experience. Be one of our twenty-five prize winners.



FANNIE KILBORNE

## How to Save Money on Your McCall

### Subscription

THINK of an issue of McCALL'S twice as big as the March number! Twice as heavy—twice the size! That is what you will get next month in the April number of The New and Greater McCALL'S. Never has so large and beautiful a magazine as the New McCALL'S been published at less than a Dollar and a Half a year. But the price of the New McCALL'S will not be raised even to One Dollar just yet. If you send your order promptly you can continue your present subscription at the present low rate of 75 cents for one year—or \$1.25 for two years. Every McCALL reader should take advantage of this big opportunity for economy.

## College—Yes or No?

WHO can tell you, girls and mothers of girls, better than Henry N. MacCracken, President of Vassar College? Will college make a snob of a girl? Keep her from marrying? Make her discontented at home? Spoil her for her family? Read what Vassar girls and their President say.

## Newest Handiwork

YOU can make your 1918 shopping tours in New York's big stores in the comfort of your living-room. Our bigger book gives pictures and descriptions of handiwork that adds a distinctive touch to your children's and your own dress accessories and to the things that make a house a home. Our experts will keep you informed on the newest and prettiest things designed, and will tell you how to make them at minimum cost of time and money.

## Service the Keynote

SHANE, WISE, HELPFUL, SUGGESTIONS for every side of the home life fill the Bigger McCall's. In "Amateur Wives" (who hasn't known some?) Miss Claire Peeler, in a kindly, laughing, yet serious tone, makes them "see themselves as others see them." E. L. Kilpatrick, our expert garden adviser, shows you HOW YOU CAN HELP in Mr. Hoover's great plans for increased FOOD PRODUCTION. Mrs. Gruenberg, a child specialist well known to you, continues her sound talks on the RIGHT WAYS WITH CHILDREN. That the little ones themselves may not feel left out of "Mother's Book," Jo L. G. McMahon gives them a brand-new story, introducing the Candy Pig and his friends, the Rabbit and the Striped Cat. Something for everybody and the advice of experts for all. The ways to better food and better health, better work and better play—better everything in the new McCall's.



HENRY N. MACCRACKEN, PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE

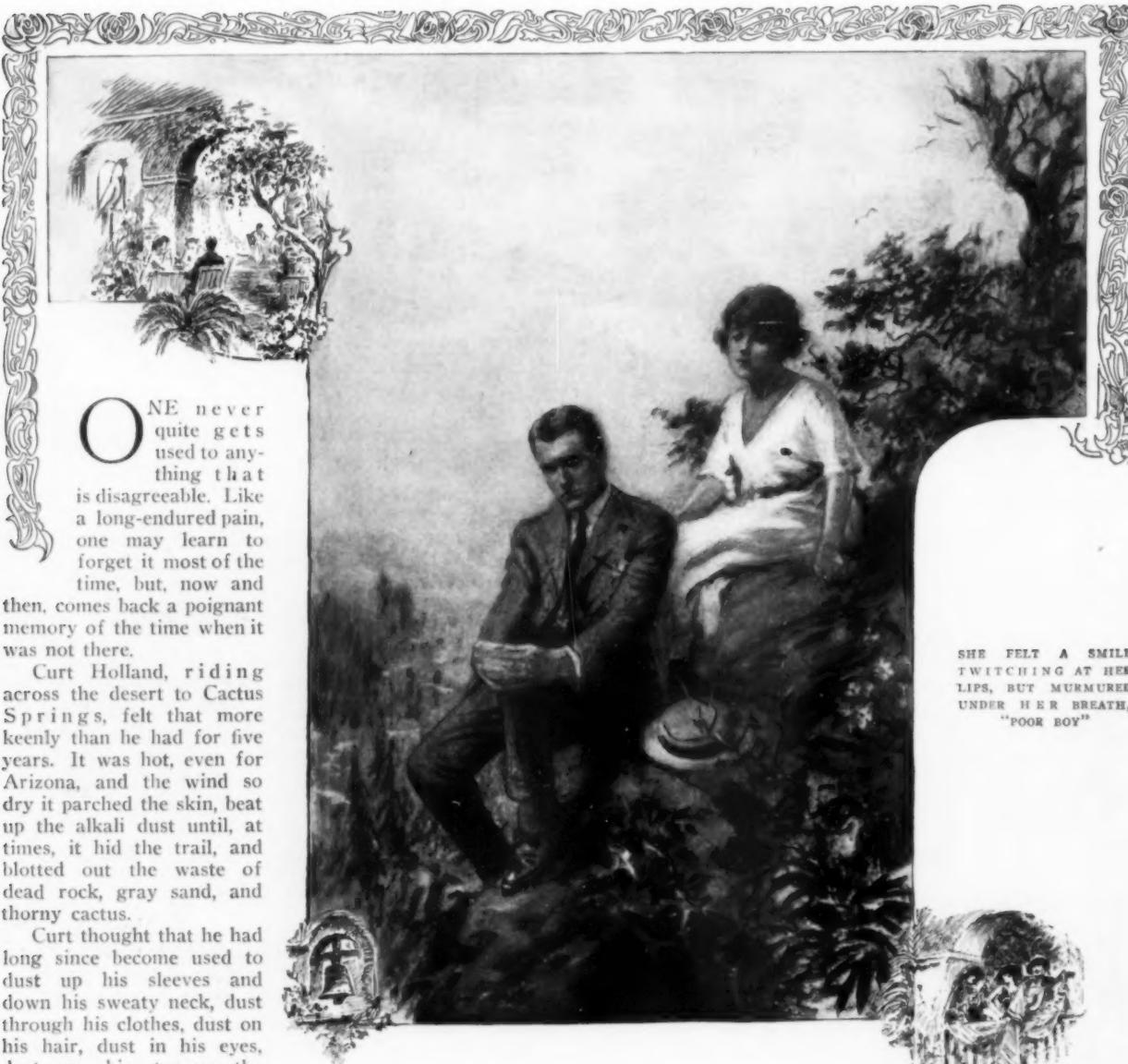


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# IN THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR



ONE never quite gets used to anything that is disagreeable. Like a long-endured pain, one may learn to forget it most of the time, but, now and then, comes back a poignant memory of the time when it was not there.

Curt Holland, riding across the desert to Cactus Springs, felt that more keenly than he had for five years. It was hot, even for Arizona, and the wind so dry it parched the skin, beat up the alkali dust until, at times, it hid the trail, and blotted out the waste of dead rock, gray sand, and thorny cactus.

Curt thought that he had long since become used to dust up his sleeves and down his sweaty neck, dust through his clothes, dust on his hair, dust in his eyes, dust on his tongue—the taste of the bare desert. He thought, after four years of it, that he no longer minded the blistering dry heat; no longer cared that brooks ran white over rocks in the mountains at home; that grass and trees grew somewhere upon the face of the earth.

But, all at once, as he rode in that mid-afternoon toward the railroad station thirty miles away from his mine, there came before him—green fields—trees—the sound of running water—a cool, sweet breath of wind, and sharp glimpses of misting redbud and white clouds of wild plum bordering the green-brown streams.

From Cactus Springs went back the bronco and a note to his partner: "Gone to grass a little while—be back by CURT."

A girl sat facing him in the Pullman. She had the upper berth of the same section. Her arm rested on the ledge, her face leaned to the open window, as she

SHE FELT A SMILE TWITCHING AT HER LIPS, BUT MURMURED UNDER HER BREATH, "POOR BOY"

watched the sunset glow on the desert.

Curt resented her being there. He would have changed his berth, but all the rest were taken. He hated girls even worse than the desert. It was a girl that had driven him to the desert—a fluffy, light-haired little thing he had loved. She had run away with a boy from a neighboring town the day before she was to have married Curt. It was a bitter dose, and he had suffered. For all the sordidness of the desert he had blamed her—still blamed her; nor had his prospects of finding copper healed the hatred. Bah! he gave an involuntary start and clenched his hands. How he hated girls—the false, silly things, with their treacherous, kittenish ways!

This girl in the seat opposite was quite different from Bess. She looked as though she had endured and accomplished a great deal. She seemed to be having a good

time looking out of the window. He wondered why. There was a hint of mischievousness at the corners of her mouth; and her eyelashes were long and brown.

Curt took his eyes off her and looked severely across the aisle. She had moved and sighed deeply. He felt sure she was getting ready to ask him to do something to that window. It is natural for all women-haters to imagine they are being wildly pursued.

Instead, she turned from the window and, in a very natural, friendly tone, remarked:

"I love the desert." The red glow of the setting sun was still upon it.

"Most tenderfeet do," he said morosely—"until they eat it for about sixty hours."

She laughed, but kept her eyes on the light that was turning each moment to deeper and deeper purple.

"It is not the taste of it—but the color—and the vast brooding spirit of it that calls me."

He made a skeptical noise in his throat. "I've lived in it, and on it, and with it in and on me for four years, and if there are 'brooding spirits' hanging around anywhere, I've never run into them. Fact is, that sort of stuff is all bosh. The desert is nothing but sand and dry weather and cactus—the devil's horns. I hate it—hate it!"

The girl bit her lip and puckered her brow—intent, disappointed—her eyes still on the desert as the light faded to softer red and gold. She spoke regretfully:

"Surely, you do not think the earth is merely dirt?"

"I certainly do," said Curt Holland, emphatically. "That is exactly what it is—dirt and rock—mostly rock. And there is nothing in this living business but what you get to eat—and most of it is badly cooked. So much sweat, so much bread."

The girl brought her eyes—clear, gray eyes—back from the desert and looked steadily at the young man—a tall, strong fellow he was, with blue eyes, and lines in his tanned face. He still wore the work clothes in which he had ridden to Cactus Springs.

In a moment, she began to smile as though over a secret discovery. "How rough and hard-hearted! But I'll wager my next fall's hat that you would ride fifty miles to carry a chunk of ice to a child with the fever."

Curt grew very red, squirmed in his seat, cleared his throat, and looked out of the window. That was exactly what he had done not three weeks ago—carried ice to Jim Connelly's sick baby. He was so much annoyed he got up and went to the smoking compartment.

**H**Olland had registered at the Mission Inn, gone out for some new clothes, and had luncheon in the patio. It was as still here, almost, as in the desert, and yet there was the movement and laughter of people, the soft gray walls of the Inn with its vines and balconies, and the music of the Spanish singers.

For an hour, he wandered about the great Inn, held here and there by quaint and historic bells or statues or tapestries, or paintings from Spain, from Italy, from the old California Missions, from Mexico. But, directly, the outdoor restlessness got him, and he started west toward the nearest mountain—Rubidoux.

Up and up he climbed, following the winding curves which, at every circle, spread a wider and wider stretch of the paradise below him—a green alfalfa, thick groves of oranges, hedges of eucalyptus, long lines of palms—fruit and grass and flowers—everywhere that which his heart had craved.

He sat on a rock at the top; nearby was a wooden cross that made him wonder. The air was sweet with the fragrance of a thousand roses and a million orange blossoms, and the wind was soft—no dirt, no blistering heat.

"Why, how do you do! I didn't know you—in your new disguise." It was the girl of the Pullman. She had been sitting so quietly on a stone ledge nearby he had not known any one was within a mile of him.

"Hello!" Curt lifted his hat mechanically—very much annoyed. She had followed him out here. No, how could she have followed him when she was there first?

Curt was so upset by the girl's presence on the mountain that he got up twice to go down; but each time merely changed his seat to another rock.

She was not more than four or five years younger than he—certainly old enough to know better; but it was plain she still believed the fool things he used to believe; and just to look at her—he could not keep his eyes from her very long at a time—made him remember those other days back beyond the desert among the clover fields and the clear waters—and the foolish stuff he used to dream.

**A**NGRILY, he took his eyes from the soft hair, the fine sensitive line of the temple, the white, soft skin of her cheek and neck—ferociously he looked off, far off across the orchards and fields below.

And she, watching slyly from the corner of her eyes, felt a smile twitching at her lips, but murmured under her breath: "Poor boy."

He looked so lonesome, so heart hungry—and he thought it was bitterness!

"If you hate the desert"—her voice was clear but unobtrusive—"you must love this."

DEEP AND STRONG, THE  
TONES OF THE GREAT  
ORGAN MINGLED  
WITH HER SONG,  
ROLLED OUT OVER  
THE PRAYERS AND  
HOPES OF MEN AND  
WOMEN



"It is a relief," he conceded.

"Although it is only dirt?" she put in slyly.

"Merely dirt dressed up in leaves," he retorted.

"Then maybe the desert is spirit dressed up in sand."

"I've been digging in it for four years," he said grimly, "but I haven't broken through to any spirit yet—only sand."

"And copper! You found copper, didn't you—that for which you were digging?"

"How do you know I struck copper?" He turned on her swiftly.

"I don't," she replied. "Only, didn't you? And, haven't you come here to sell it?"

NO. I want to sell it, but I did not come here for that." Then, remembering what a foolish impulse had sent him here—a mere sudden whim—the recollection of the green fields and running water of his early youth—he grew embarrassed.

"I wonder"—he caught at the first object to change the subject—"why that cross is up here?"

"They have a sunrise Easter service," replied the girl. "Last Easter twenty thousand people were on this mountain before sun-up. They came from everywhere, believers and unbelievers, Christians and pagans—came to worship when the first light of the sun fell on the cross."

"Came from curiosity," said Curt almost savagely. "People don't worship. People just eat and sleep—and do things only for pay."



"WHY THAT," SHE SAID IN A SMALL VOICE,

"WOULDN'T GET YOU INTO JAIL"

money could have wrought such perfection of detail, put such harmony into the place.

He went down to dinner, again choosing the patio. As he followed the head waitress, the girl, sitting alone at a table by the sycamore tree, looked up, smiled, and nodded to him.

The waitress, seeing they knew each other, seated him at her table. And this time he merely professed to himself to be annoyed; guiltily, he knew that he was not.

[Continued on page 68]

"Like carrying ice to sick babies," remarked the girl with a sly twinkle.

With that he did get up and tramped ferociously down the winding road back to the Inn.

THE long casement windows of his room were open, letting in the cool, sweet, after-sundown air. The room with its soft walls and simple furniture was supremely restful, delightful. There was a basket of fruit on his table, sent up during his absence, and with it a card—

Glad is the host, when the heart of his guest is merry.

They did not need to do that. He would have paid just the same. There were a hundred things around here they did not need to have done—for pay. It seemed as though some one had spent a great deal of money, and work, and love on this place without thinking about pay. No man working merely for

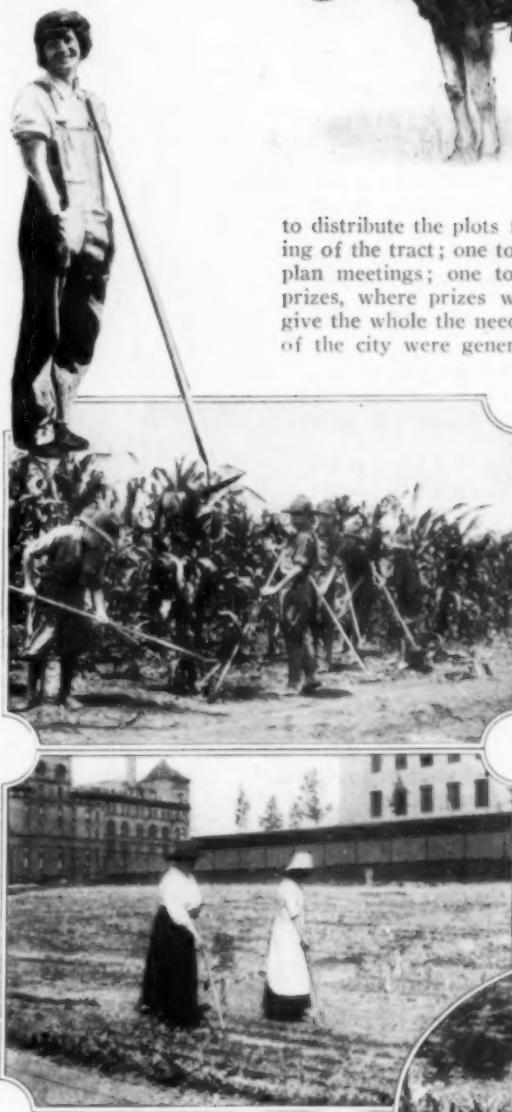
# BACK YARDS TO THE FRONT!

HOW THE CITY OF ITHACA  
RESPONDED TO THE CALL

By E. L. KIRKPATRICK  
Cornell University

**W**HEN gardens were called to the colors in the spring of 1917, Ithaca, New York, responded by leaps and bounds. Scores of citizens, eager to serve with their sons and brothers, rushed to the city's vacant lots and staked their claims for emergency gardens; laboring men, squirming under the high prices, plowed up their front yards to help feed their families; clerks and office men spaded diligently in the rich dirt after working hours; idle women, busy women, tired, overworked women at home and in business, pushed little hand-plows through their beloved flower gardens and taught their children the love of the soil; boy scouts, the Associated Charities, the Social Service League, and the Young Men's Christian Association grabbed at the opportunity to do their bit—and the Ithaca Home Garden Club was launched!

The city Chamber of Commerce, a wake to the situation, called Ithaca "together" to hear and discuss reports from civic organizations and from the most progressive farmers 'round about, concerning the returns that might be expected from different-sized plots of ground. At that meeting, the Ithaca Home Garden Club elected for its president a man who was a combination of practical gardener, business man, and public-spirited citizen. No limitations were placed on membership. Any person who showed the least desire to operate a garden was invited to become a member of the club. Seven committees were appointed: one to locate and arrange for available land; one



IDLÉ WOMEN,  
BUSY WOMEN,  
BUSINESS  
MEN AND  
BOY SCOUTS  
SPRANG TO  
THE AID OF  
THEIR  
COUNTRY



to distribute the plots for use; one to look after the plowing of the tract; one to secure seeds and fertilizers; one to plan meetings; one to judge the gardens and to award prizes, where prizes were deemed advisable; and one to give the whole the needed publicity. The daily newspapers of the city were generous with front-page specials. City

schools offered their co-operation. Individuals were not long satisfied to be "outside the fence," and twenty-five-cent pieces—the annual membership fee in the club—came pouring into the treasury. These fees were used, throughout the season, for sending a personal notice to each member of the association, along with an invitation to his family or his friends, to attend this or that particular club meeting or garden exhibit.

APPROXIMATELY two hundred applicants, few of whom had worked a garden in recent years, were placed on tracts formerly allowed to lie idle, or to be used as city dumping grounds, to



serve out their first garden apprenticeships. It must not be presumed that all gardeners were successful. Failures from wet weather or from lack of proper attention to the garden were not unusual. In general, however, the untiring efforts of the amateurs were so well repaid that dumping land promises to be at a premium another season.

Nor must the success of the garden movement be measured by the efforts of these two hundred gardeners alone. Some sixty or seventy Boy Scouts contributed several hundred bushels of potatoes to the city's larder, through working three or four acres of idle land near the city limits. Twenty-five employees of one of the busiest factories vied

*[Continued on page 102]*

# Mr. and Miss Grundy

SERIAL STORY—By NALBRO BARTLEY

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

For Synopsis of Story, see page 104

THE suburban train had left before Laurie and Martin reached the station. They turned back, dusty and discouraged, to face each other.

"I don't want to go home," insisted Laurie, recovering her spirits immediately. "Not after all our dressing-up. Let's take the machine and bowl out toward New Rochelle—after all, who cares for tennis?"

They climbed into the car and shot ahead. It was a rattling, hired affair, with a grinning, flat-headed chauffeur.

"Perhaps we ought to go home," suggested Martin after they were well on their way. "You know, Laurie, I always have an unpleasant feeling that I am intruding, and then I egotistically tell myself that you really like to have me along, that I do as well as the lippy boys in cream-colored suits."

"You do," said Laurie thoughtfully. "Do you think because you are a very few years older than I that—that I like you any the less?"

Kirby's eyes looked down at her with a fierce, tender longing. "Don't you?" he asked gently.

She shook her head emphatically. "I hate young men—real young men," she declared. "I like men anywhere from thirty to thirty-five."

"Just inside the line." Kirby tried to take the thing lightly, but the bronzed, strong face was flushed.

"Are you going home soon?" she continued, looking at the rows of houses they sped by.

"Yes—Monday."

"Hot in the sun, isn't it? Be a good time to travel west." It was the demure young woman speaking.

"Um. I've overstayed all bounds of hospitality. Your father has been very patient with a backwoodsman." He hated himself for the stereotyped idiocy of the words, but, for the life of him, he could not summon more sincere, forceful language, when every bit of him longed to crush this tiny, elfish girl in his arms and tell her she must come back with him to Lake Louise, to the big bungalow where the silver fox skin lay in waiting.

"You are a good antidote for my father. You set him a good example."

"Thank you."

"Please send us cards. Mother and I are interested. She likes you."

"Of course. And will you?"

"Surely. Shall we just drive out this way and come back, or stop some place for tea?"

"Let's stop. I'm thirsty. There's the Rosary Inn—funny sort of name and place. Do you know, I'm actually getting acclimated. I'll be abusing San Lo some day for not handing me *Town Chronicles* to read before breakfast." He stretched out his arm. "This muscle is getting flabby. I'll have to go on one of my 'lost-man' trips to bring it back. Not take even San Lo or a guide, but battle around in the wilderness for a couple of weeks, catching my food and cooking it, and carrying my pack, and turning up brown and with a decided beard, but a contented, humbled feeling toward the things of mine own which I had gradually come to despise. A splendid tonic for discontents, Laurie, these 'lost-man' trips."

"Tell him to stop," she said, indicating the chauffeur.

"All right," teased Kirby. "We'll get some pale tea and a jelly-fish sandwich, and a couple of rose-leaves swimming in a finger-bowl."

They climbed out before the semi-smart inn made in the shape of a log cabin. No one was in the corner they



"I LOVE YOU," SHE REPEATED

selected, and they ordered an unusually heavy meal for the middle of a hot September afternoon, leaning back in their chairs to stare at each other silently.

"A penny for your thoughts," Kirby finally asked.

"Will you ever come east again?" The big, gray eyes were searching.

"Not for a long time."

"Just what do you think of us?"

"New York or the easterners in general, or—"

"Of Grundy and mother and me—even if we are divorced, and I own the apartment house. Do you think we are utterly impossible, vain people, with cheap sophistry and petty aims, and—" she laid the violet parasol down on a near-by chair and leaned forward, clasping her hands on the table.

"What an idea! I think only splendid things—"

"Tell me the truth," she demanded. "If you won't speak treason of your friend and, of course, you cannot of my mother—what of me? You think I'm a spoilt, pampered, amusing doll-person with a bad temper and an erratic brain, too much money and too little common sense, don't you?"

"Not all of it."

"Then what?" she insisted.

"I've named the twin mountain lake for you—remember?"

"Of course."

"Lake Laurie—do you like the sound?"

"A changeable, unreliable place with no particular purpose."

YOU'RE in a savage mood to-day—let's see if I can change it." He put his hand in his pocket and laid a red leather case at her place. "This is for you. I was going to wait until to-night, very proper, you see, to ask your mother if you might have it. But we can't have afternoon-tea broken up like this."

Laurie opened it slowly—a tiny platinum watch, not bigger than a quarter, and crusted with emeralds, fell into her hand.

"Martin!"

"That is a souvenir from Lake Louise—an emerald sunk in silver, I told you. It is the nearest I could get, and I liked the idea of giving you a watch; it seemed like



"YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT," HE PROTESTED.  
"I'M IMPOSSIBLE"

human. I shall think of it ticking away and making you look at it and remember a chap just a little."

The waitress was putting their tea in front of them. It seemed as if she would never go away. When she did, Laurie raised her head.

"You're crying," he said helplessly. "What have I done? Tell me. Wasn't I right?—I'm stupid about women."

She did not answer. The tears rolled slowly down her cheeks in childish helplessness. Laurie could not mask her real emotions.

"Laurie—dearest—" then he checked himself.

"I love you," she said frankly. "Martin—please don't go away."

It was well that there was no one else in the tea-room. Outside, the chauffeur smoked his cigar and waited impatiently.

"Laurie!"

"I love you," she repeated, holding the watch in her little, open palm. "Ever since I kissed you by mistake—things have been different."

"You must not say that," he protested. "I'm impossible."

OF course, you don't care as I do," she said, turning her head away. "And now I've done the one thing women must never do—let a man see how hard they care. But you can excuse it because I'm just a silly child, a Miss Grundy—you always think kindly of people, Martin, and I know you will of me. You—you just made me cry when I didn't want to, that's all." She caressed the watch with her other hand.

"Laurie," he tried to argue, "you must not love me—dearest."

"Why not?" the old flare spirit came back. "I will if I want to."

He smothered a laugh. "Will you—but always?"

"Always," she said stoutly. "And now that I've told you, I may as well finish and make a hideous failure. It'd be easier to remember. Will you marry me, Martin, and take me back with you?"

Whirr—the electric fan seemed to be shouting like a laughing crowd. The chauffeur tooted his horn carelessly to let them know he wasn't keen on long standstills before a temperance inn. Grundy's face, his wife's—pictures of Lake Louise in all her moody beauty, her ice-bound winter

aspect, her solitary drizzles, her summer smiles, the rough, primitive life to which this young girl was unaccustomed, her changing, laughing, crying fancies, and his own rugged, simple self trying to crush back love!

"No," he said, after a moment.

Her teeth clicked in a childish little rage. She dropped the watch on the table. "Then pay the check and let's go. And I hate you."

"We won't go away from here like that, Laurie," his hand stole out to meet hers.

Her head drooped.

DON'T you know that I want to marry you, more than anything else in the world? I love you. I have never loved anyone else, even if I am so much older than you."

"Then why—" she flashed back, her lips quivering.

"It wouldn't be fair to you—no, listen, Laurie, it wouldn't be fair. What would you do after the novelty of living beside a mountain lake had passed? I'm too old to change, to come back to the city and make a place. You'd tire, Laurie." He could have bitten his tongue out after he spoke the words.

"Tire?" She drew a deep breath. "How dare you say that to me, how can you? Just because I have a Mr. Grundy for a father!"

Martin stirred his cup of tea viciously, as a blind for the listening waitress. Laurie had abandoned herself to the situation.

"We'll talk more about it later," he said, after waiting for her to speak. "But I'm right, dear—you wouldn't mean to tire, but it would be a monotonous existence—"

"But you love me," she argued, as if he had not said the last.

"With all my heart," was the honest answer.

"Then I shall marry you." She smiled through her tears. "You sha'n't make me out a Miss Grundy for always. Just because my father and mother were not happy—and because I am like him—you shall not say I am the same. I care—hard. I don't mind what you are or where you live—do you understand? I love you. I'd rather marry you and be with you in the solitude than to stay with Grundy and have—have Paris week-ends! There. Now do you know? Martin, I'm not all little girl—not quite all—I meant what I said that first night, do you remember? About marrying—and having—little—boys?"

Kirby forgot the tea and the plate of sandwiches, and the listening waitress. "Don't tempt me," he begged.

"I'm not. I'm making shameless love to you." The gray eyes were tender and shining. "I love you. There isn't anything else to say after that, is there?"

"It's the world, kiddie, breathless, and splendid." He motioned for a check.

After the girl had left them, Laurie added: "Won't you even let me be engaged to you—just engaged, Martin, to show you how hard I care? You go back to Lake Louise, and I'll spend the winter with mother. I'll learn from her every womanly, splendid thing that she knows. I'll fit myself to be your wife, and then—then you come back for me."

The waitress slapped the change down, but Kirby did not notice it. He rose abruptly. "Come out of here before we're publicly disgraced," he said with an attempt at jocularity. The brown eyes were like a happy child's.

They climbed back into the car.

"Home," ordered Laurie impulsively. Then she nestled down in the big, slippery seat, sliding toward Kirby invitingly.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"With all my heart. Of course," it was the tender, budding woman instead of the wayward, charming girl, "it would be absurd to propose marriage for a long, long time. I shouldn't have even said it. But being engaged is

different—besides, I've such a lot to learn and such a mother to teach me and—"

Kirby's arm stole around her like a gay truant's. "Laurie, are you in earnest, do you mean I can go back with your promise?"

"I'm coming to wear the silver fox skin," she whispered, her soft, satiny cheek close to his. "Think of the letters to write and the things to plan on and get ready and—"

"There will be alterations in the bungalow such as San Lo never dreamed of—things from Eaton's that will make the ox teams stand still in amazement." He gave a care-free, joyous laugh. "I'll build a conservatory for you, Laurie, and a tiny sitting-room all your own, and we'll have a piano, and I'll buy that red-and-gold lacquer desk that San Lo's brother had in Vancouver, a wonderful, secret-drawer affair with inlaid teakwood and mother-of-pearl. Laurie, will you come—will you truly be my wife?" The stocky black head bent reverently toward her.

"Ssh," she put her finger on her lips, "let's keep it secret."

"Oh, no," he answered disapprovingly, "that isn't the way. We must get their blessing—fancy us, Laurie." This time the bronzed hand reached out for the tiny one which was still clasping the watch with a proud, possessive air.

"But not right away. Don't tell them until the day before you go—please. In the first place, they'd be curious and keep asking us questions, and we wouldn't have any time alone. We must have that, Martin, every precious moment, because we've such lots to plan and talk over. Do you realize how very, very faulty I am?"

Kirby's inarticulate answer made the chauffeur's horn honk sardonically.

"But I'd lots rather tell them now," he added, as they neared home.

**W**ELL," she smiled up at him gaily, "if you must. But wait until to-morrow. I'm going up to learn Grundy's Spanish gambling game—that's your chance to tell Mother. Then I'll come down and listen to the course in domestic science and wifely accomplishments that I'm to undertake, while you tell Grundy. He'll give us a gold cook-stove. Not until to-morrow, Martin. Can't you guess the real reason?"

"What is it?"

"To-night Grundy has a party thing on—were you going?"

"No."

"Then you wait for me on the roof garden. We'll have our first evening alone—planning—and I'll—kiss—you."

"Laurie!" They found themselves tumbling out of the car in humorous fashion, the big man half carrying the tiny, dancing girl into the marble entry.

"Until to-night." She laid her fingers on her lips and then on his cheeks.

"Until to-night," he answered, strangling the feeling of doubtful propriety.

Be they eighteen or eighty, three hundred or thirty-three, no one ever loses a jot of the first joy of being engaged. While Kirby struggled through his dinner, feeling that Jamie's shrewd eyes were upon him, Laurie toyed with her salad and wondered if her mother suspected. For nothing else in all the world could matter quite so much.

Miss Grundy and the Primitive Man, Laurie caught herself thinking with a delightful chuckle; then the remembrance of Kirby's strong, gripping hand, and the amusing attempt to convince her of the unsuitability of the thing caused her to answer no to her mother's questions where yes was mere sanity, and yes where no was mere decency. Lake Louise—the bungalow—away from the world—alone—with Martin. Laurie salted her *demi tasse* with charming pensiveness.

Meanwhile, Kirby tried to beat back the reverie in which he longed to indulge, tying his dinner napkin into hard knots, while Grundy explained why he felt called upon to go out.

Then there was the dragging clock which ticked slowly away, and the pacing up and down the roof garden, the yellow September moon peeping in to smile encouragement.

Jamie brought him a cigar and asked if he would like the music box to while away time. Kirby had just arrived at the blissful state of taking Laurie horseback-riding through the trails he had explored, so he answered: "The very best saddle and bridle I can find, dear." At which Jamie fled.

He was standing beside the fountain thinking that he must explain carefully to her mother how he realized his shortcomings and the utter contrast of his way of living, when someone stole up behind him and said softly: "Are you happy, Martin?"

Turning, he took the small white- and rose-chiffoned figure in his arms. Tilting back her head with a commanding lover's air, he kissed her.

By eleven o'clock, life had been planned and estimated in every detail. Grundy was spending the fall with them and Mary was to be their annual summer visitor, ironing out any stray wrinkles which might have developed during their winter siege alone.

"For we must have wrinkles, Martin, just tiny ones, or else it won't be interesting, will it?"

At which Kirby kissed her, vowing a penchant for matrimonial wrinkles; and they began picturing themselves taking a trip around the world as a five-year anniversary present.

Laurie leaned her head down on the black dinner coat—Martin had acquired dinner coats—and gave a sigh.

"It sounds fairly fruity, dear," she said solemnly. "Please kiss the top of my head again—thank you. Martin, the world is lovely, isn't it?"

"Splendid," answered her fiancé enthusiastically.

"What do you mean?" said Grundy in a low, angry voice from behind.

Laurie stirred uneasily. Kirby turned his head. "I'm sorry you find us like this," he said happily, "I wanted to tell you formally, but—"

"Go down to your mother." Grundy came forward and took her arm.

She stood up facing him, a tiny, frightened thing in her rose-and-white frock, the satiny skin flushing furiously.

"Father," it was the first time she had said the word to him, "we are engaged."

"Go down to your mother—I'll come presently," was all he answered. His mouse eyes were flinty and unpleasant, and the mouth took on a sudden, unexpected bull-doggish look.

"Father, you don't understand."

"Please go, dearest," Kirby said softly. "I expected this."

"We're engaged—it isn't Martin's fault—I wouldn't let him tell you. Don't you see? It was such—such fun to—"

**G**RUNDY gripped her arm like a vise. After all, stone man or de luxe citizen, the result is the same when one's daughter is clandestinely kissed. First, strike the man who kissed her and, secondly, upbraid the mother for having so loosely educated her!

"Go down-stairs."

"Please, Laurie," begged Kirby, "I'll explain—it's all right."

She slipped away like a trembling butterfly unexpectedly caught on a gum-smeared tree-trunk and released after a cruel wing-tear.

"Well," asked Grundy with a sneer, "and you're my friend?"

"Let me explain."

"No." A burst of wild rage shook his tall, thin figure, the first burst of man's anger that had ever come to him. "You can't explain. You come here under the guise of friendship, overstaying your welcome—you, a clumsy, unknown woodsman, and kiss my daughter—a mere child. Don't begin to talk of any engagement—it's preposterous—you! Why, she's only a baby thing with a thought of marriage one day and a nursery game the next. You know that, Kirby, don't you?"

"I tried to tell her."

"It looks it! Gad, a man trusts his best friend and comes back to find him taking advantage—"

"Wait." Kirby's bass had a savage ring. "Don't tell lies to flame your own anger. That's bad fuel. It usually only burns the one who tells them. I want to marry Laurie. We spoke of it the first time this afternoon. I tried to tell her it was an unfair combination, but she wouldn't listen—bless her," he added defiantly; "so we were engaged, just as I am trying to explain. Laurie wished it that way. She said there were a great many things she wanted to learn before we were married. I was coming in the spring to get her. I'm as eligible a man as any fop you could introduce her to—poor poets, bankrupt sons of snobbish families, men of the world with all thoughts toward women save honorable ones. Don't begin accusing me of foolish things, Grundy. It is I who can ask you that if you care so keenly as to her marriage and future—and surely this isn't a new development—why the devil did you leave her mother to bring her up alone?"

Kirby's dark face was close to Grundy's white, shining one. There was a long silence. Then Grundy answered briefly, "Come down to her mother—that's the test for a man who's kissed a girl—it's like meeting your own conscience."

"With pleasure." Kirby started forward.

GRUNDY stayed his arm. "Martin, in the name of common sense, you haven't taken this thing seriously, have you?"

"Do you take me for a cad?"

"You think you can marry my daughter?"

"I know that I love your daughter."

"And that she loves you?" Grundy laughed quickly.

"That she loves me."

"You're a fool." Grundy's big eyes gleamed like queer, tan lights. "I beg your pardon for the first abuse of you—

[Continued on page 103]



"FATHER, WE ARE ENGAGED"

"GO DOWN TO YOUR MOTHER—I'LL COME PRESENTLY," WAS ALL HE ANSWERED



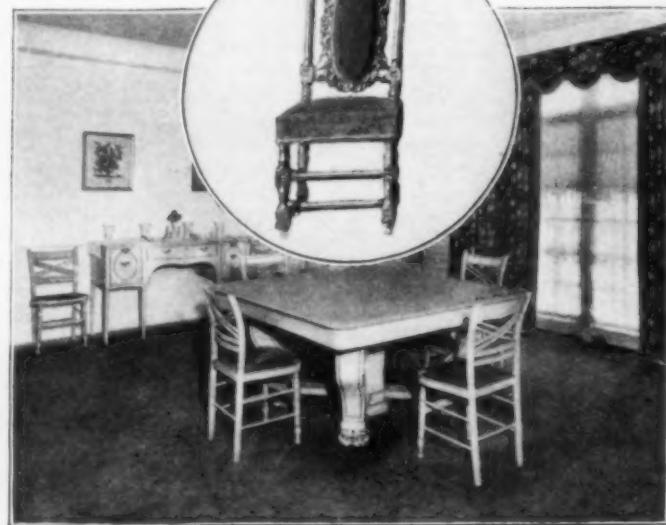
## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

THE fundamentals upon which much of the success of a dining-room depends are situation, size and architectural details. Here, as nowhere else in the house, one can put reasons into concrete form; a recess here, a window there, a French door just where it will answer a definite purpose, and each furthering the unity of the whole.

The natural location for a dining-room is in some portion of the house where the morning sun can contribute its exhilarating rays. If possible, too, there should be some communication with the green out-of-doors, either through windows or by means of French doors opening on to a terrace or into a sun parlor. When these natural aids to cheerfulness are out of the question, the next best thing is to build them into the room by means of color, using soft yellow paper, white wainscoting. French doors covered with sun-colored gauze, many small windows hung with bright chintzes, ferns and blooming plants in yellow bowls and, if there is a fireplace, brass andirons.

The walls of a dining-room go a long way toward establishing its atmosphere and determining the type of furniture that will be appropriate for use in it. It is wise, therefore, to determine what the spirit of your room is to be before choosing the trim or wall cover-

A UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE DRESSER FOR THE COLONIAL DINING-ROOM (RIGHT)



ings. This is easier than selecting them first and spending years in a futile attempt to combat their influence. Walls paneled in dark wood not only restrict the choice of furniture, but, if the room be small, result in dignity that is akin to gloom. Since paneled walls are deservedly popular, a satisfactory solution for the builder of the small house is to strive for a light effect produced either by light or white finishes or by slender, graceful paneling. A high, white wainscoting, surmounted by a border of Japanese grass cloth or any suitable wall-paper, will create a dignified room, which can never be austere. Where the walls are very low, as in the unpretentious old-fashioned house, this wainscoting effect can be achieved by moldings and decorator's canvas, painted white, with small square panels left at the top in which to frame Japanese prints or water-colors.

WALLS of roughly finished plaster, tinted, suggest Italian rooms with straight-lined furniture and warm tapestries. Gray walls suggest creamy, painted furniture, with panels of deep-toned cane and cushions and hangings of deep yellow. Oak paneling and beams create the proper background for Jacobean furniture, with old-blue rugs and dull-gold side lights. White

[Continued on page 57]

### THE HOSPITABLE DINING-ROOM

By

CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

DEAR SIS.—Confound you! What do you think this sanatorium of mine is—a hotel? And what do you think I am—a squire of dames? But though you force me to harbor these butterfly friends of yours, it ends there. For, you see, I see through your machinations. And that letter of yours! Oh, my dear, my dear—if you want your precious old brother to renounce his contented bachelordom, why won't you use a little more finesse?

Well, never mind. Bring her on. I'll be glad to see you, at any rate. And, some day, I hope you and Jack and the kiddies will all be able to pay me a visit together. That would be nice. But these other dear creatures—

Sis, I just must add that I'm awfully busy at the present time. Consequently, whether I would or not, your matchmaking propensities will be nipped in the bud by a steely surgeon immune to firelight glow and tête-à-têtes, and such, that you may arrange for me.

Your unregenerate brother, TOM.

DEAR SIS.—Well, you came—you saw—you—No, there was no conquering done. And, hard-hearted wretch that I am, I am still chuckling over your disappointment.

To make you feel that your old brother cares for you, though, I write this letter immediately, so that you may receive it almost upon your arrival at home. And I acknowledge that she was a nice girl. She was a dear girl. But, my child, I have so much to do with people who are ill that, when I marry, it must be some one in radiant health. Not that I ever intend to, but just admitting the supposition, and making myself, for all time, perfectly plain to you on the subject. That young lady, unless I am very much mistaken, has incipient tuberculosis. I am telling you this, knowing that I can rely on your discretion, and so that you will see to it that she has an examination made.

So much for the girl. And now, for your future guidance, I will append a sort of outline or specification of what the wife of your honorable brother must be like.

*As to Looks*—She must rival Venus.

*As to Age*—She must give the impression, at least, of being Hebe's twin sister.

*As to Physical Condition*—Every time I look at her I should like to say to myself: "Hygeia, Goddess of Health!"

## UNCHARTED

By LILIAN DUCEY

Illustrated by CLARK FAYE

And say it with a thrill of relief.

*Mental Qualifications*—Almost my equal!

*As to Morals*—A soul as white as snow. A sleeping beauty who wakes to my kiss alone.

*Connections*—None. I refuse to be bored by her family.

*Disposition*—She must be perfect.

Now then, Sis, from the foregoing, you can see what you are up against. Also, if you are acute enough, you can see that, though you find some one who will exactly fill the bill, the last is that little thing a natural legal bent in my mind inserts as a loophole through which I may escape.

Remember me to Jack. Kiss the babies for me. Don't forget to see that your little friend has Jack give her a thorough look-over. Come and see me again soon. I miss you like the deuce every time after you've spent a few days with me.

Your loving brother,

TOM.

DEAR SIS.—I have your very serious letter before me. What on earth ails you, Sis! To see me married seems to be an obsession with you. Clever though you are! Ripping way you put the thing. "To rob our youth of loving is to cheat our old days of the fruit of loving." You've touched me there, all right; the thought of having a child of my own has always fascinated me. And what else was it you said?—"A man is apt to make a fetish of a career. And, as his importance grows, the call of love seems to dwindle. Yet, from beginning to end, no life is important without love having had a place in it." And at the end of your homily: "We are big only as we are warmly human."

My serious-minded little sister, I love you for all that. I regret having written you so flippantly. But, if you know anything, you must know that is my only armor against you and your schemes. And it speaks well for good old Jack that, after ten years of married life, you still retain your evergreen belief in love. Perhaps I would, too, if it had ever come to me. But this is a disillusioning profession. I look about me at all the husbands and wives I know, and—well, I decide I'm quite content as I am.

But such is life! And now I'm going to tell you something you will like to hear. I've at last secured an excellent assistant. He's a fine young fellow, a born surgeon. To celebrate, I'm going to take a few days off.



WOMEN IN UNIQUE GOVERNMENT POSITIONS

Expect me Saturday next—unless something unforeseen happens.

Your loving brother, TOM.

P. S.—Now let me have a nice comfortable visit with you, enjoy Jack and the children. Forget, for the time being, that your life job is to get me married.

DEAR SIS.—Here I am back at the old grind again and liking it. But those two days with you and the kiddies were good for my soul. Your boy Tommy is sharp as a steel trap. He has brains—that lad. And your apple-faced baby is good enough to eat. He's some boy. But little Elsie for me! She told me I was "most, just almost" as nice as her daddy. She says she "likes men's pockets what's always got lots of things in to find." So, with same mail, I am sending a doll. Tell her I found it in the great big pocket of my great big coat. And I knew, at once, it was for her.

Almost, thou convinceth me, dear Sis, that there is a fineness about family life that I have overlooked. Almost, I stand ready to take the medicine you have been handing me for years. Almost, I am willing to shout "*Damnant quod non intelligunt!*"—"They condemn what they do not understand"—in case you have forgotten your Latin.

And perhaps the reason for this is—Would you believe it, Sis?—that on the train I met a lady from your town. We occupied opposite seats in the Pullman. We got to talking. Oh, shades of Venus, Hebe, and Hygeia! Sis, I refuse to tell you the lady's name because, in a thing of this sort, I distrust your goodness of heart will lead you into trying to do for me what I prefer doing for myself. But she is spending a few weeks in a neighboring town. I have already been to call on her. I hesitate to commit myself on such short acquaintance, but she certainly does seem to fit all those qualifications and specifications I arrogantly supplied you with. And—when I think of the comfort Jack gets out of his family! No—when I think of Elsie—

I wish I were ten years younger—for I should judge her to be about twenty-three. Forty seems—Oh, seventeen years is a bit of a difference. Not that it is, in reality, but she may think so. She may prefer romantic youth. She may not care for quiet, middle-aged wooing. She may want to be swept off her feet—a whirlwind courtship—married almost before she realizes it. If so, it's hopeless. I'm a staid, steady, unromantic soul.

And yet she does fit all the specifications.

Now, Sis, what have you to say to that?

Your brother who likes to please you, TOM.

DEAR SIS.—Ah—so you know the lady. And thanks for so thoroughly approving. Things are coming on famously. I manage to see her every three or four days. I send her flowers, candy. All the wiles of the wooing man, you see. But her name—Genevieve—it's the one thing that spoils the sweetness of my lute. I like the simple things in life—even to names.

Write to me soon. I am growing sleek and snug under your approval. In my mind's eye, I'm already remodeling the house—throwing out a wing to make room for her so she won't crowd my patients. And you should see the raiment I've invested in. I, the man who loved my suits as I loved my friends—for their age.

Sis, you're missing it. I wish you were here. There is something so humorous in it all. I have moments when I can't help poking fun at myself. Last night she talked art. I don't know a blame thing about art, but I raked up my dead past when I was finishing my course in the clinics abroad, and remembered a few things.

I took her to the theater the other evening. She was gorgeous in evening dress. Matchless is the word to apply to her. It's all rather wonderful.

So much for to-day.

Your loving brother, TOM.

DEAR SIS.—You sure are a diligent correspondent. Why not take a vacation from it; then I won't have to write so often. Oh, of course I know that you are curious. So am

I. How will it end? Where will it end? She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not. Like the daisy we used to pull to pieces, I try to fathom her feelings.

There are other men in that same town vying with each other for her favor. I took her away from one of them last night and he looked as if he wanted to murder me. Possibly, only fear of the electric chair deterred him. I was amused. He acted so young.

I can see that she is a girl a man would move heaven and earth to possess. Unquestionably, she is the type of woman made to be the mate of man, but—but—

I'm going to tell you something, Sis, just to have you override my notions. You know how I dislike the type of woman who has no use for children. Well, while we were sitting on the Dawson's porch, a little urchin of the streets, evidently lost, ran to us crying. To be sure, he wasn't clean, but she had a washable dress on. But when he ran to her she got up and pushed him off.

I didn't like it. And I think I showed it. A look, a word must have told her. But she turned the tables neatly. She actually took the child from my arms. And over his head she laughed into my eyes. "I just wanted to test you," she said. "I wanted to see if you liked children. Most men don't, you know."

It didn't ring true. It doesn't ring true as I write it. Yours with love, TOM.

DEAR SIS.—I believe we had a quarrel—your friend and I. I'm glad to know, from your letter, that I misjudged the girl. I really haven't time to write to-day, but I wanted to let Jack know that the thing he inquired about might be found in that very book I forgot when I visited you. And tell him to keep it. I'll buy myself another.

Your loving brother, TOM.

DEAR SIS.—Silly girl. The brevity of that last note of mine had nothing whatsoever to do with the quarrel. Besides, the quarrel is patched up. She's a darling! She's a wonderful girl. I shall probably put things to a test tonight. So wish me luck.

They are coming to have dinner with me here in my home, she and the Dawson girls and Mrs. Dawson whom she is visiting. And I hope there will be a moment when we find ourselves alone. I must have her.

Again I call you silly. What rot is that you write about my never using the magic word called love in any of my letters. What is love but a word with which romanticists try to resolve the supreme problem of the universe. If Genevieve is necessary to my existence, and I am necessary to hers and we marry, that's all there is to it.

Now tell me that you and Jack were madly in love when you married. Those prenuptial feelings are a combination of passion and the inexplicable caprice in mate selection. Whatever love there is has to come afterward. For love, to my mind, is something that grows in one. Its roots are kindness and tenderness, forbearance, and a mutual interest in the same things. Just living together and having the big things of life together ought to make two normally decent people grow extremely fond of each other.

So there, my dear, you have my idea of life and loving.

I want Genevieve badly, and I mean to love her dearly. And I mean to make her love me dearly—for, somehow, Sis, I have a feeling that she will have me—me a crusty old bachelor, unprepossessing looking as the deuce. I'll be the lucky man!

Yours with love—

TOM.

DEAR SIS.—It doesn't seem possible that, only last night, just before my company, I wrote you. Now I have a story to tell you that will amaze you as much as it amazes me to have gone through—lived through, rather.

It must have been about nine o'clock last night, and we had just adjourned to the library when the 'phone rang.

It was Dr. Barlow's wife—and she insisted on speaking to me. Not a very opportune moment to get my ear, but I could not refuse.

Barlow lives at the other end of the town. I do not know him very well, not even professionally, but his wife and I went to school together. Of course, you remember her. She was Helen Vanderveer, and her folks lived in the house next door to me that year before you married.

I'm still quite jumpy with emotion, Sis, as perhaps this little that I have written will tell you. In fact, I can't seem to think consecutively just yet. So take things as I jot them down and solve the nebula for yourself.

As I was saying, Mrs. Barlow called me up. Her husband had just had a call which he could not answer. She had to get some other surgeon at once, and she thought of me promptly because, years ago, Nancy had been your friend. She knew, she said, that I would want to do what I could for Nancy—if it was still possible to do anything for her.

Sister, what the devil is the matter with you, with me, that we let Nancy slip out of our lives so completely? Little Nancy, who used to run in and out of my place as if she owned the sanatorium. Little Nancy who used to tease the life out of me whenever we collided. Little Nancy that I thought the most perfect creature in God's world until she ran away with that rake Bonestelle.

Why, I didn't even know that they had come back to this town to live. And Nancy has two little girls—one was named for you. Katherine and Madge—thank God they, at least, will live.

Sister, this is a miserable world for some. How old is little Nancy now?—just about twenty-nine, I think. She's a bit younger than you. But she doesn't look it—that she's younger.

I got her story from Mrs. Barlow. Why, Nancy's been living here for two years, and I did not know it! A year ago her husband died. And, though Nancy wasn't well, she tried to make a living for the three of them. They lived in some attic rooms. She sewed—early and late. Sewed for money to keep them alive! Sewed to keep the children dressed decently. Sewed and sewed and sewed—until health and strength gave way. And then—

Well, I might as well give it to you straight, for the thing may leak out, though the woman who found them seems to be reliable enough. Sister, when she couldn't work any more, and the last cent had gone, they all went to bed and Nancy—little Nancy!—turned on the gas. She had nobody—she wrote on a piece of paper—who would take the children! so she took them with her, and she hoped God would forgive her.

I'm writing this letter by piecemeal. Every little while I have to get up and pace the floor—the tragedy of the thing overpowers me. It's too awful to contemplate all that she has been through—and she was born for sunshine, for happiness, for the best the world can offer.

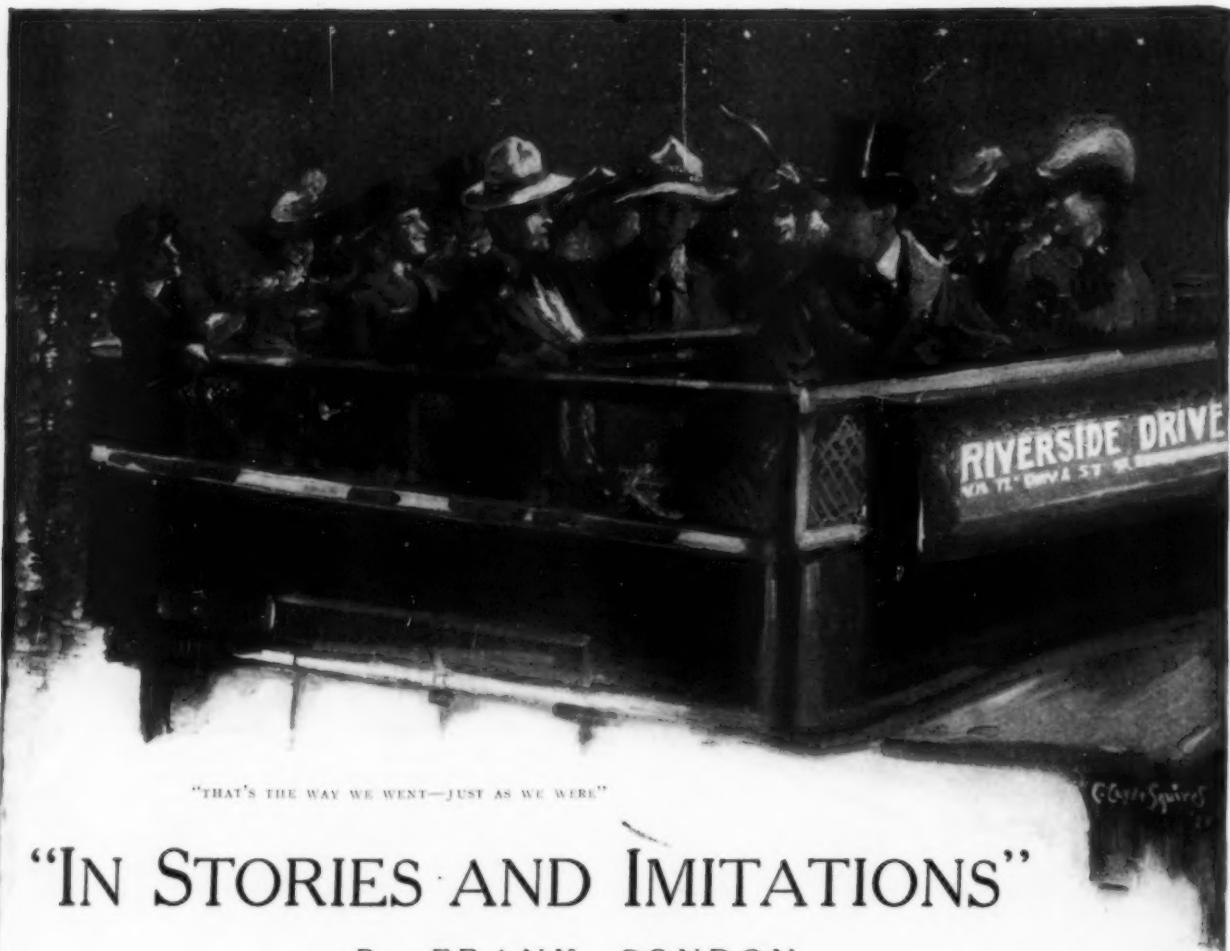
The woman below stairs smelt the escaping gas, and traced it. She broke into the room. Then she rushed to Barlow's house. But she hadn't had sense enough to throw open the windows first; and, when I got there, I thought I was too late.

Sister, I've been through a lot, seen a lot, but nothing ever moved me as that sight. She had the two of them in her arms—one each side of her.

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"I JUST WANTED TO TEST YOU," SHE SAID. "I WANTED TO SEE IF YOU LIKED CHILDREN. MOST MEN DON'T, YOU KNOW"



## "IN STORIES AND IMITATIONS"

By FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by C. CLYDE SQUIRES

WELL," I said to Jake, when we got into the diner, "did you or did you not notice that girl in the last seat?"

"Sure I noticed her," Jake answered. "What do you think I'm here for? She's the only pretty woman on the train."

"I wouldn't mind wasting a couple of hours in idle conversation with her," I remarked. "She's very nice to gaze upon."

"To me," said Jake, "she looks like three hundred thousand dollars. Did you notice the silver buckles with the diamonds in 'em?"

"I noticed everything," I answered. "I sure would like to ask her how she's enjoying the trip."

"She's enjoying it a lot more than you'd be, right after you got through asking her. She'd call the conductor and have you kicked off the back porch of this train."

Nevertheless, I continued to indulge myself in fanciful thoughts about the solitary young woman. She was about twenty years old, or maybe a year older, and she occupied a section in the car behind our Pullman. Every time I passed through, I had to see her, because she was right there where my eyes were looking. Of course, she didn't pay much attention to me—in fact, none. But you can't keep a young fellow from thinking and looking, no matter what railroad he's on.

The reason I and Jake were coming east was on account of the shipload of Arizona horses that were being sent over to France. Our boss had given us a vacation and orders to leap across the United States and attend to the shipping. The minute the steamer left the dock, our work ended; but

we had to oversee the details, and that's why we were now riding in Pullmans and seeing towns we'd never heard of.

We were bound for an Atlantic Port, and I don't know whether I can give it away or not. These are war times, you know, and we have to keep things secret. Anyhow, it was a large Atlantic Port, and it has the highest buildings in the world, and a subway under the streets, and they charge you two dollars for a plate of beans, or thirty cents per bean. Now maybe you can guess where I mean.

Later on, we were sitting calmly in the smoking compartment of a rear car, when the brakeman addressed us. "You two are in the Boston car, aren't you?"

"No," I said, "we're in the Atlantic Port car."

"I think not," he returned. "Is your car number four-seven-six?"

"It is, and it's the Atlantic Port car," I said, getting argumentative. "You've got this train all mixed up in your mind, mister."

Well, he insisted that we were in the Boston car and would be hauled to Boston, unless we changed before reaching Albany, from which station the express scoots down to the aforesaid Atlantic Port in about three hours, running constantly beside the Hudson River.

Therefore, Jake and I went ahead. I thought, at first, that maybe these trainmen thought they could get gay with us because we looked western in our manner of clothing. We had on our regular Arizona wardrobe, you know, which is chaste and comfortable, though not ornate.

When we passed through the Pullman where the young lady had been sitting, she was gone, and I thought, first, that maybe she'd deserted the train, leaving us to desolation.

In a minute, I learned different. When we opened the door and rambled into our own car, there was the lady. Further, she was sitting in my section. I speak of it from now on as "my" section, because I left Jake standing at the door of the car.

There was a conductor cross-examining the lady, and it seems that she also intended going to the Atlantic Port we were bound for.

Through some mistake, they had put her in the Boston car and, as that car was to be taken off at Albany, they had shifted her, and the shift brought her into our car, which was the Atlantic Port car. All the sections being filled up, the conductor established her temporarily in my section. With her came a hat-box about as big as an ordinary hay car and, beside it, some books and some furs and some wraps, and some parcels in paper, and eight or nine other things. That seat was filled, and filled right. You couldn't have squeezed a quinine pill into it. The lady herself was sitting in my seat, looking up at the conductor, who was trying to figure out where he had better move her next. I heard part of the conversation as I came up.

THE trouble is, madam," he was saying—though any fool could tell she wasn't a madam—"the trouble is, all the seats are taken. I don't know where to move you."

Then I spoke up. "So far as I'm concerned," I said, genially, "it'll be all right with me if you don't move the lady at all."

She looked up at me, but didn't smile. She had a box of candy, which was occupying the space beside her, and in her lap was a magazine.

"If the lady doesn't object, she doesn't need to move," I went on hurriedly, fearing the conductor would chase her out in spite of me.

"That seems all right," said he, "but there are two of you in this section."

"Oh, you mean, Jake," I said lightly. "Jake don't need to sit down. He can stand up there in the vestibule till we get through this journey. Or you can put him off and let him run along the track. He likes exercise."

"Well—" said the conductor dubiously. He sure was a fat-head conductor and doing his best to crab my chances.

Pretty soon he went away, however, and the lady looked up, smiled faintly and moved over about one-eighth of an inch; whereupon I slid gently and unobtrusively into the space, like a person sitting down on seven dozen fresh eggs.

It must have taken me all of thirty minutes to find out that the young lady was named Florence Wainwright, and that she was coming home from a trip across America, and that she lived with her father and mother and a brother and sister in New York, and that she was glad to get back to the old town. In return for which I told her who I was and that the big fellow in the back of the car was Jake Jeffries, a bosom companion, engaged with me in seeing about some horses, and that we both came from Springbolt, Arizona, and would probably be glad to get back there.

Miss Wainwright laughed heartily, either at or with me, I couldn't tell which. Anyhow, I could see that I amused her, and I suppose it was my clothes. Now and then I turned around and regarded Jake, who only handed me a sad and reproachful look; so finally I beckoned to him.

"I would like to know your friend," the girl told me. "He does look so uncomfortable." So I told Jake to come along and get known.

Now Jake Jeffries is six feet five inches high, and is colored like a sheet of leather. He is distinctly one large, husky gent, with a pair of shoulders twice as broad as they ought to be. The Arizona sun has cooked him to a ripe mahogany, and I suppose you'd say he has a pleasant smile. He doesn't know much about the airs and graces of genteel conversation, but he always gets on well with ladies on account of his size. So he came down the aisle, bumping the seats, and stood up there beside Miss Wainwright's hat-box.

I introduced him in a very formal manner, and he took off his hat.

"Glad to know you," he said. "This guy is pretty lucky. He was saying awhile ago he wished he knew you, and now he does."

From that point the conversation went right along. Jake sat on the arm of the seat, there being no loose room for him, and we discussed such things as cactus and sand-storms, and Chicago and wrist-watches, all very genially. Miss Wainwright laughed. She laughed heartily and continually. It seems she had never met anybody like me and Jake, and we just naturally handed her a lot of mirth without trying.

"If we were a show, it'd be a good thing to have you for our audience, wouldn't it?" I asked her, after one extra-loud peal of female mirth.

"You're so funny," she said. "I don't know anybody like either of you."

"No, they busted the mold when they made us," Jake admitted.

FINALLY we got into the aforementioned Atlantic Port, and the young Miss Wainwright was met by a large contingent of relations, friends, and general bystanders, and, before we could get away, she introduced us to eight or nine people whose names we couldn't get and didn't want. On the train, before we arrived, she acted as though she might be interested in seeing us again.

"This is where I live," she said, handing me a card. "My telephone is on the card, and, when you get settled in the city, I want you to telephone to me. Will you promise?"

"Sure, if you mean it," I said, thinking of all the stories I'd ever heard about how cold and heartless New York is. "I do mean, it," she went on. "I would like to have you both come out and meet my family."

We left it like that and, when we disappeared out of the station, the young lady was surrounded by her friends. Then Jake and I hunted up a modest hotel, got our rooms, and started in at once to tend to horses, which was why we were there.

It was Jake who telephoned first. He called up Miss Wainwright in my absence, probably feeling lonesome, and told her where we were living; and immediately he got an invitation to come out to dinner.

"Supper, you mean," I corrected, the hour then being four in the afternoon and they expecting us about seven.

"Supper, maybe," admitted Jake, "but she said dinner. They may have skipped a meal out at her house."

"How do we dress?" I asked.

"What do you mean?" asked Jake. "How do we dress? Aren't we dressed? It don't look to you

## A NIGHT DESPATCH

By HARRIET WHITNEY SYMONDS

"Good night, my dear," I whisper, here, alone,  
And know afar the message shall be blown—  
That prairie winds shall catch it in their sweep,  
And waft it into woodlands, hushed and deep,  
Where vines shall tell it in their whispering,  
And purple thistle-envoys give it wing.

Corn-fields shall wave it from light tassel tips,  
And meadows breathe it with their flower-lips;  
By bloom and breeze the wireless word shall fly,  
As here, beneath the lurid battle sky,  
I whisper only this: "Good night, my dear,"  
And dream that through dim leagues of dark, you hear.

like I'm going to bed, does it?"

Then I telephoned Miss Wainwright and demanded to know details.

"You come just as you are," she said. "It's a simple, informal little dinner."

That's the way we went—just as we were. It was Monday night, and we went in a motor bus out to a building on Riverside Drive where the Wainwrights lived. On the bus, the passengers looked at us with interest, but nobody said anything, which was just as well, because I felt a little touchy. I suppose Jake and I looked all right to Arizona people, but no Arizona people were looking at us. When we reached the number on Riverside Drive, we paused.

THIS can't be it," said Jake, looking up in the air. "This is probably a bank." However, it was it. So we went in through a marble entrance, gave our names to a young lieutenant—apparently from the Colored National Guard—and, in another minute, we were shooting up in a fricassee elevator.

That was some party, if you ask me. First, we ran into a butler; and that's the first butler we ever knew real intimately. Miss Wainwright came along and shook hands, and Jake hung his hat on a statue.

After that, we were ushered into the main hall, where we were totally surprised to find a large audience of people, and all in evening clothes. The men wore full-dress suits, and the ladies wore gowns like we never saw except once in a musical comedy in Denver.

We were introduced right away, but the only names I remembered, then or afterward, were those of Josephine Wainwright, Florence's sister, and George, her brother. The father and mother were present, too, and of course, I



THAT WAS THE NIGHT HE KISSED HER

—E. G. S.

remembered them, but the other guests slipped my mind or never got into it.

To begin with, I observed Josephine Wainwright with particular interest. She was about nineteen years old and very quiet. Furthermore, I know a sick girl when I see one, and this Josephine was sick. Her face was extra white and her eyes looked too large for it. Know what I mean? I got close to her hands and wrists and you could darn near see right through the skin.

Josephine sat beside me at dinner and, while she smiled and smiled, she said very little. George was the boy who said things. He made subtle remarks, which caused unlimited

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## NURSING UNCLE SAM

THIS IS THE NURSE'S HOUR: ENLIST  
FOR SERVICE WITH THE BOYS!

By MARTHA GROSSMAN

### WHAT JANE A. DELANO

Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing  
HAS TO SAY TO YOU

This war has brought about an upheaval in world living conditions. In the task of repairing the physical and social damage that has been done, the share of the nursing profession is larger than that of any other group of workers.

It is the nurse with professional training and broad general education who will be needed during the years of reconstruction and readjustment. She will find her opportunities in public health protection, infant welfare, and tuberculosis work.

To meet these demands, and these opportunities, the nurses' training schools of this country should, to-day, be educating the Red Cross Nurses of to-morrow. I cannot emphasize too often the need that is confronting us. But it is a need for the highly trained, not merely the willing, woman. For every young woman who will prepare herself by scientific training and disciplined experience for the nursing profession, there will be opportunities and rewards as never before.

*Jane A. Delano.*

THE siren shrieks, the bands play a song of victory, and the great, thronged vessel presses forward. Softly,

women's voices ripple out over the waters and mingle with the many on the wharves. Banners are raising themselves to the skies, while the strains of "America" float triumphantly after. The air is aquiver with hope and pride and patriotism. For it means a lot to America—to the Allies—to the world—when a new Red Cross contingent sets forth to serve. It means not only fresh victory where victory belongs, but it means that another body of women—women whose careers, even in times of peace, have been of national service—have pledged themselves to an emergency need demanding infinitely harder work and more exacting service than they had ever known. It means they have sacrificed everything for the great cause at a moment's call—have torn themselves away from the wide opportunities the nursing profession held for them here—have burdened themselves anew.

But to the young girl left standing alone on the dock, after the passing, there is a vastly different vision. She sees nothing of what has gone before. She sees only a fine band of women setting out to serve supremely. The Red Cross flashes upon the screen "Adventure"—France—the land of her dreams—a dark-eyed officer with crippled knee—a blind, eager young sergeant, perhaps—the coming of the wounded at midnight—all are beckoning to her—and the scene flickers out before her eyes. It's exasperating—disappointing.

Until that hour of watching, she had never, for a moment before, considered the nursing profession as a possible career for herself. Her nerves! Her eyes! Such hard tasks—isolation—misery! Such humiliating, disgusting work! But the glamorous phase of nursing as she glimpsed it now was different. She would join the Red Cross Nursing Corps on the morrow!

When they told her on the morrow that, to be eligible for enrollment in the Red Cross, an applicant must be a graduate of a school for nurses giving at least a two years' course of training in a general hospital, she acquired a

grudge against the National American Red Cross, in general, and went back to her stenography texts and her knitting. Her vision—and she might have been any one of a thousand other young women—was befogged. She couldn't see, right before her, the open door to a profession through which she might be gloriously serving her country at home, while, at the same time, she was preparing herself for a large variety of professional fields—preparing herself for home and family life if that might come. But nursing in a hospital at home wasn't nursing a soldier. So her shorthand conquered. Her blue-gray eyes had never burned through a night's vigil with a very sick child; her arms had never nearly broken after a day's ministering to a pain-racked mother. She had therefore never known the thrill of giving the baby back to its mother, strong and well; she had never given a mother back to her babies. No one had ever told her that this, too, was patriotism.

FURTHERMORE, it had never occurred to her that she might be performing a patriotic task by filling the place of a nurse who had been called to the front. It had never occurred to her, either, that it was in her power to prevent a breakdown of the health standard in the United States. It had never occurred to her that it is important that the men in the army should feel no additional strain because they are leaving behind those who may be suffering from lack of organized nursing care. The Red Cross is drafting quickly, and, although the gaps have not as yet become noticeably large in any particular locality, there is a grave danger. Already, seven thousand nurses are in active war service, either here or abroad. And this figure does not include the nurses actively engaged in work under the Bureau of Instructions—over a thousand nurses having been enrolled as instructors during the past year to train Red Cross Nursing Aides. There is no doubt that soon the supply of substitute nurses will be wholly inadequate unless our women rally gloriously to the call.

Aside from needs of the war, nursing as a vocation can be compared favorably with other professions for women. The training requires no large financial outlay. The nurse's services cover expenses of tuition, board, lodging, uniform, and so on, in the great majority of schools. Almost upon enrollment, the student begins her service to the community in helping to care for the sick; is a factor, at once, in real

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# TO OTHER MOTHERS

*"Greater love than this hath no man, that he give his life for his brother"*



FROM THE MOTHER OF MERLE D. HAY

I AM asked to write to you something of my dear son, Private Merle D. Hay, who recently, at twenty-one, gave his life in France for our country. He was a sober, quiet, industrious boy, and very tender-hearted. He would never willingly hurt even an insect. He would say to me, always, as far back as I can remember, if he thought I had hurt the cat or dog, "Mother, how would you like to be used so?" I used to tell him, "Oh, son, you would never make a soldier; you are too afraid of hurting the other fellow." Which goes to show how little we know even of our own boys and what they will become.

He had not been at home when he decided to enlist, but was working ten miles away, and, whenever he came home, he said nothing of enlisting, since he knew it would only worry me and I would try to dissuade him. The first news I got of his intention, came to me over the 'phone one evening, when he said that he and six or seven other boys were going to Des Moines to enlist. I pleaded with him, but he was determined, and enlisted May third. He then came home and stayed until the morning of May seventh. That morning I bade him good-by forever. Something inside of me told me it was forever. In a month, his regiment was sent across to train "over there."

My greatest pleasure all last summer had been Merle's letters, and I never let a week pass without writing him once or twice. Let me say, Mothers, and all, that letters from home are the boys' principal delight. Don't fail them. Treasure up every trifling incident and make the most of it in your letters. It might not interest your boys here, but, "over there," poor, homesick lads, anything cheers them. Do not be afraid to show them your love and faith in them; I do not mean write them sobby letters, but cheerful, loving—yes, and funny ones with little whim-

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JAMES B. GRESHAM

FROM THE MOTHER OF JAMES B. GRESHAM

HOW I wish it were possible for me to take each one of you by the hand and talk with you, but, since this is impossible, it is going to be a comfort to write you.

Only God knows the heartaches that were mine when my own dear son left me with a smile, and said, "Mother, do not cry, I'll come back;" and He alone knows the heartache when, now, many times, I picture my boy coming back to me. Yet, through it all, I pray for the mothers who will have this same heartache, pray that they may be brave, and helped to bear their sorrow as I have been helped to bear mine. Mothers, let us be as brave as our sons who are fighting for a noble cause, for liberty, and for freedom. Oh, it seems so long since my boy kissed me good-by.

When Jim left, I was afraid he would get away from me and forget to write, but he wrote regularly and was always so anxious to hear from home. He never seemed to get out of patience with his army life. He was always cheerful, always uncomplaining. When he was serving in Mexico, he had photos taken of himself, and, though he looked tired and worn, he never said he was.

Oh, Mothers, my heart cries out for peace, yet I want a victorious peace. When I tell you what it means to me to give my son for the cause of liberty, when he was my all, you must understand. I have two more sons and two daughters, yet he was all I had to lean on in my old age, since the three oldest are married, and my baby boy, nineteen years old, is crippled. Yet I gave him to his country willingly, and, to-day, I feel that his life has not been in vain, that he still lives to spur others on to fight for the cause of liberty. Fathers, mothers, and sisters, let us be brave. Let us face any sacrifice we will be called upon to make in the future with courage, with the same courage of our first three

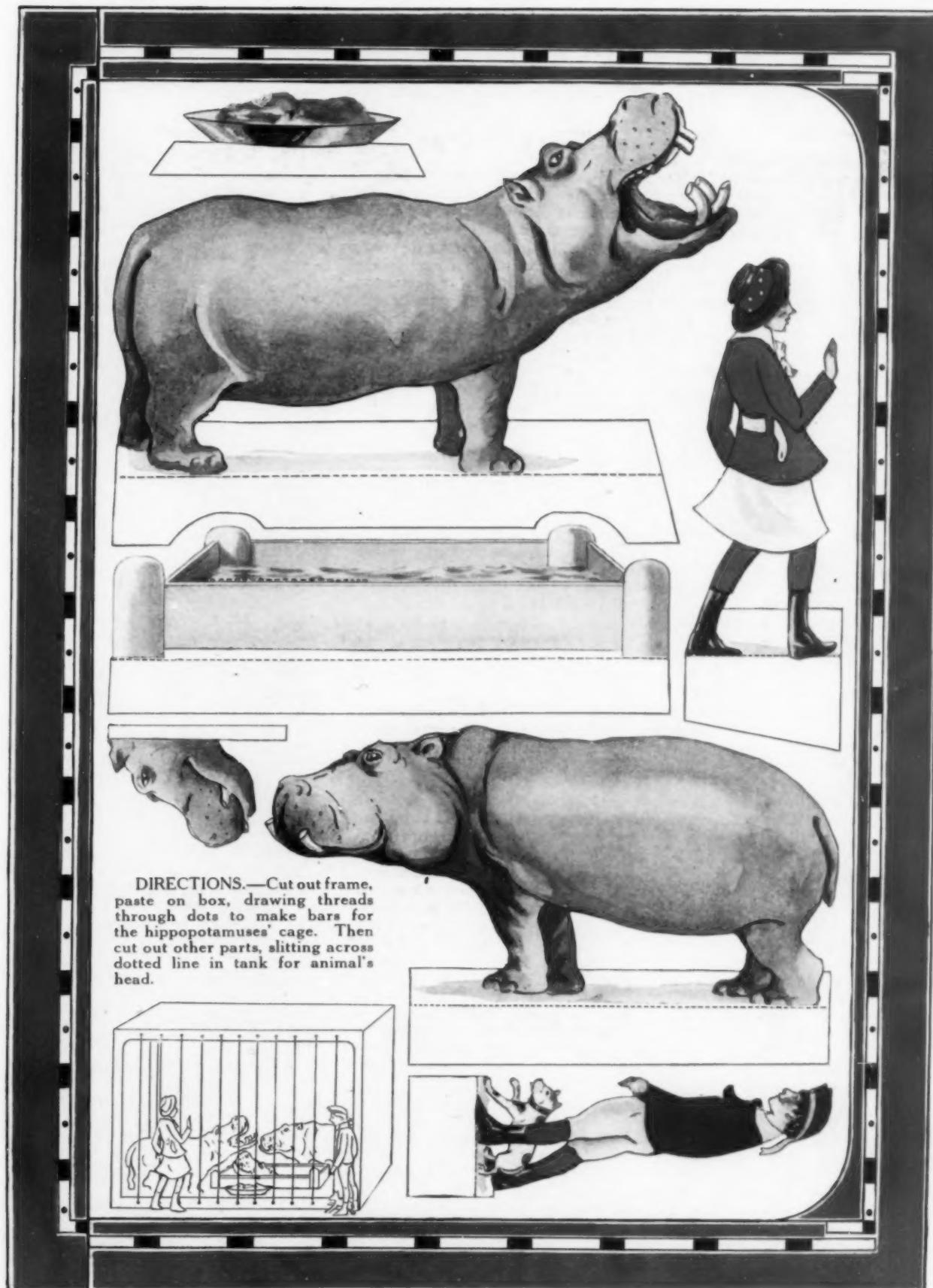
[Concluded on page 66]



*"Please say to the men how entirely my heart is with them and how my thoughts will follow them across the sea with confidence and also with genuine envy. For I should like to be with them on the field and in the trenches where the real and final battle for the independence of the United States will be fought alongside the other peoples of the world, struggling like ourselves to make an end of those things which have threatened the integrity of their territory, the lives of their people, and the very character and independence of their government. Bid them Godspeed for me from a very full heart."*

(Signed)

WOODROW WILSON



JACK AND PEGGY AT THE ZOO  
AN ANIMAL CUT-OUT—Designed by CRESS HUGHES



# Her Side of the Story

By MONTANYE PERRY

**I**F it were not for Helene Baldwin, I should be perfectly happy. Helene is my husband's friend. Theoretically, she is my friend, too. I invite her to dine with us every week. I bring out my daintiest linen and my prettiest dishes. I cook the things she likes best. She never fails to make charmingly appreciative little speeches about everything. She conscientiously includes me in all the conversation. If John mentions anything which happened years before I ever knew either of them, she carefully explains to me just whom or what they are talking about, so I will not feel left out.

When she goes home, she kisses me good night and tells me how lovely it is to see us so happy. I wonder if she expected John to be miserable after he got me! And, when he comes back from taking her home, he says, "Helene thinks you are the most wonderful housekeeper. But she tells me not to let you work too hard." Does she think it necessary for her to remind my husband to take care of me?

Sometimes the three of us go to the theater. She never fails to say to John, as we take our seats, "You sit by Mabel." In fact, she always is reminding John that he must put me first. I know that John does not need reminding, and I want her to know it, too. I resent that attitude of hers which seems to say, "You see, I insist on your being treated nicely!"

But I decided, after Helene's first dinner with us, to try not to mind those things. If her attitude was a bit irritating, wasn't it natural? She had known John all her life, yet he had chosen me instead of her. If any girl had taken John away from me after I had known him a day, I should have hated her! I really felt very sorry for Helene. But when I said that to John he simply roared,

"Helene didn't want me!" he declared.

"John! You asked her to marry you and she refused! You told me you never loved anyone except—"

"And I never did!" he interrupted. "I didn't care for her in that way. And she never thought of me as a sweetheart. We were just good comrades. If Helene were going to marry, it certainly would not be a man of my type."

I could see that he believed what he said. But, of course, I knew no girl could be with John so much and not love him. It simply wouldn't be possible! But John is so modest, he never would realize that.

So I convinced myself that Helene was trying to do the right thing, and I just smiled at her little ways. I smile yet, with my lips, but my heart stopped smiling the day I came upon her and John having luncheon together.

I was shopping with Mrs. Porter, one of my neighbors. We found some real bargains, so we felt rich, and decided to go to Stanley's for luncheon.

Stanley's is the one really nice restaurant in our town. I felt very festive and luxurious when the waiter settled us at a table beside a window. There were daffodils on all the tables, and such dainty, glittery silver and glass. The orchestra began to play *Oh, Promise Me*, and I thought of John, of course, with a little, happy thrill. Then I glanced up from the menu and there, on the other side of the room, sat my John and Helene Baldwin.

I felt so surprised and so queer. And, of course, Mrs. Porter had to glance up at the same time and see my face before I had time to get hold of myself. But, after that first dreadful moment, I laughed and said, "Why, there's John and Helene! How nice to see them." And, just then, John looked across and saw us. Then I wanted the earth to open up for me.

He seemed surprised, but not in the least startled; for which I was thankful. He spoke to Helene, and they both got up and came across to us, and Helene said: "Have you ordered? Can't we change and get a table for four, John?"

I said, "Oh, no, let's stay as we are. Mrs. Porter and I are having a nice party all by ourselves, and you two have plenty to talk about, I am sure. You know John has to look at me across the table twice every day. He should have a change now and then."

When they went back to their table, I said to Mrs. Porter in what I am sure was a perfectly careless tone, "Helene's such a dear girl!"

She gave me a keen look and said, deliberately, "It is nice you think so, my dear. Most young wives wouldn't care to have their

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## CONTEST

If you were the wife, how would you have solved her problem? Do you agree with her? Three prizes of \$20 each for the best answers in by April 15th.

# His Side of the Story

Illustrated by E. F. WARD



## CONTEST

If you were the husband, how would you have solved his problem? Do you agree with him? We offer three prizes of \$20 each for the best answers received by April 15th!



"VE just made a discovery that's given me that bumpy, all-gone feeling you get when you walk off a step that you didn't know was there.

It happened this way. Mabel and I have been married six months, and a fellow would naturally suppose, after all that time, that he understood his wife fairly well. I knew how Mabel felt about caviar, and H. G. Wells, and overshoes, and red neckties and Hawaiian music. I was wise to all the signals of the Matrimonial League: left eyebrow up, pitch another style of conversation; right eyebrow down, time to make a home run, and so on. But I never even guessed, till last night, that, though Mabel is the dearest, sweetest, prettiest girl in the world, she isn't a Good Sport!

Three hours after our friends had performed the last sad rites with rice and overshoes, and our fellow passengers in the Pullman had transferred their flattering attention to an actress with three maids and two monkeys, Mabel told me her own ideas on the subject.

"I've decided one thing, John," she said, "you're not going to be continually reminded of the fact that you're married by having to give up your old friends and customs. I fell in love with the kind of a man you are, and it would be the height of absurdity for me to try and make you over into another kind now."

That sounded pretty good to me, I can tell you! I've known a lot of fellows who were so altered by marriage that, six months after the ceremony, their best friends would hardly recognize them on the street. They were broken to harness so completely that they'd shy at the sight of a poolroom, and turn pale if you offered them a cigar. So Mabel's remark simply confirmed my notion that I'd married the wisest, gamest little woman in the world.

But, since yesterday evening, I've come to the conclusion that a man never really knows what sort of a woman he has married. I expect that, on the morning after his golden wedding anniversary, he's likely to see his wife burst into tears and declare that his habit of reading his newspaper at the breakfast table has been getting on her nerves for the last fifty years!

Till yesterday, I never suspected that Mabel didn't like Helene Baldwin. As far as I can see, now, she's been inviting her to Sunday night suppers and insisting on including her in our theater parties in the cheerful spirit of that Spartan boy we used to read about in the fourth grade—the lad who smiled pleasantly while the fox was tearing his vitals, you know.

Helene Baldwin is the oldest friend I have. I used to dip her braid in the ink pot at school, and then lick any boy who called her "Reddy." She did my algebra problems in High School, and I took her to the dances when she didn't have another beau. She was the sort of pal a fellow tells all his love affairs to, but never thinks of falling in love with himself.

Mabel has known all about Helene from the beginning, and they seemed to hit it off finely together. They were always saying nice things about each other, and admiring each other's new clothes, and that sort of thing. If they'd been men, you'd have said they were great pals. So yesterday, when I ran across Helene just at noon, it never occurred to me there was any reason why we shouldn't lunch together as we used to sometimes in the old days.

We dropped into Stanley's and sat down at a little table in one corner where we could talk without competing with the orchestra. It occurred to me Helene wasn't looking very well, and I told her so.

"I'm not well, John," she said. "I've been awfully worried lately. I haven't wanted to speak of it when I was at your house because Mabel doesn't know how things are at home; but it would be a relief to pour out all my troubles to you."

Helene has a tough time of it, with that step-brother drinking every now and then, and her mother always coming to her with complaints and unpaid bills. Of course, I know how things are, but most people don't, thanks to Helene's efforts.

We had just got comfortably started talking when I looked up and there was my Mabel and a neighbor of ours, Mrs. Porter, sitting down at a table by the window. Helene saw them at the same time.

"There's Mabel now—how nice!" she exclaimed. "Let's see if we can't get a table for four, and all eat together."

*[Continued on page 84]*



# FASHIONS

## DESIGNS THAT SAVE MATERIAL

Is there anything more interesting to you this year, of all others, than ways that you can save? Our Government has asked certain things of us, and we, the women of America, eager to do our bit, are making close investigation into every department of our household expenses. Economy, like Charity, should begin at home. It is our way of cooperating with our soldier and sailor boys.

We must have clothes, however, and so one of our problems is to have the best things we can, with the least expense, saving as much as we can by the careful planning, making and wearing of clothes for ourselves and our children. The Government has asked that we save the wool and use as much other material as possible, not, however, making everything

On this page there are some very interesting designs that require remarkably little material. To be able to get a serge dress out of two yards of fifty-four-inch material seems almost like magic, but these models are so carefully

planned there is absolutely no waste. Trimmings are, in many cases, conspicuous by their absence. A simple collar of white satin or organdie is all that is considered necessary, or a bit of hand embroidery, so easy to do and so effective, makes a most attractive finish, and is also economical.

There are diagrams to show exactly how each piece of these wonderful patterns must be laid on the material, so that not a scrap be wasted. They must be absolutely followed or the result will not be the same.

Sometimes material is



Dress 8227  
Sizes 34-44

Waist 8207  
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8220  
Sizes 22-32

Waist 8185  
Sizes 34-44

Skirt 8215  
Sizes 22-34

saved by making a seam in the center-back where the pattern calls for a fold. It is really remarkable that these smart stylish dresses can be cut from so little material. The main idea, of course, is to save both for ourselves and the Government, for material saved "over here" saves for "over there." Though the skirts are narrow, they are wide enough to make walking comfortable, and they are also such good style.

[Con. on page 46]

of one material, such as silk, for that would create a shortage.

The separate coat that can be worn with many different dresses requires less material than the coat suit, and so in many cases it is more practical. Dresses that combine two materials, for instance, serge and satin, are advocated, but above all a variety is desired.

# MODELS FOR SILK AND WOOL AND COTTON

An Empire frock on tailored lines is just the style for serge and gabardine. The cunning high collar of this model, 7965, makes the whole frock "right up to the minute." Transfer Design No. 779 (10 cents) used for the motifs embroidered on the skirt. Pattern in 4 sizes, 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).

Here is a frock of simple but stylish lines, 8221. Tiny little collars of organdie, each hem-stitched, outline the smart square neck. While this dress is suited to any material, it is especially practical for tub fabrics, as it can be easily washed and ironed. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).

A bolero waist, 8094, and a skirt with a pointed tunic, 8039, make a costume worthy of Easter, especially if developed in plain and figured pongee, with chiffon or Georgette crépe for collar and vest. Waist in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust; skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).

For quantities of material required for models on this page, see page 47



# SHOWING THE PREVAILING SILHOUETTES

That side drapery is considered very modish can easily be seen from this smart frock, 7808. The collars and cuffs add a dainty touch. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents). Transfer Design No. 294 (10 cents).

Contrasting materials serve as trimming on this dress, 8003-7969, with rows of stitching to serve as emphasis. Tunie skirts are very popular this season with narrow foundation skirts. Waist in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust; skirt in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents each).

For quantities of material required for models on this page, see page 47

This costume, 8207-8181, has many novel features. The waist has the new panel front, and the closing is at the left side of the front. The skirt has a one-sided girdle, the narrow straight end of the belt being drawn through a slash and buttoned at the right side. Waist in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust; skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each). Transfer design No. 858 (15 cents).

This is a serviceable little dress that is practical and very easy to make, 8100. The contrasting material used for the round collar is the only trimming used. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents). Transfer Design No. 856 for knitting bag (15 cents).



## SPRING FROCKS UP-TO-DATE



Wrapped-on Dress  
8223  
Sizes 34-46

This dress, 8223, is called a "wrapped-on" dress. It wraps about the figure and requires but two fastenings, one center-front and one on the side. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).



Dress 8225  
Sizes 34-44

Here is an opportunity to combine two materials and save wool. The straight lower section and bolero of satin and the pleated section of contrasting cloth of this dress, 8225, make a very pleasing and stylish costume. An innovation may be seen in the closing of the high collar. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).



Vest Waist 8191      Tunic Skirt 8218  
Sizes 34-44      Sizes 22-32



8223



Coat 8222  
Sizes 34-46



8222



8225



8191



8218

Foulard is all-fashionable for spring and is very pretty developed into this costume, 8191-8218, with its vest waist and tunic skirt. Waist in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust, and skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).

Who would not want a satin coat if it were made like the illustration, 8222? There are rows of shirring in place of a belt, and the square corners of the front are rounded gracefully. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).

## REQUIREMENTS OF THE SEASON

*A satin suit? Of course, if it is made like this model, 8224-8153. The coat is short and rippling in the back, while the fronts are elongated into points. This is combined with a well-cut skirt, having the fulness softly pleated and is conservative in width. Coat in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).*

For quantities of material required for models on pages 32 and 33, see page 47



Suit Coat 8224  
Sizes 34-44  
Skirt 8153  
Sizes 22-32

*A new waist, 8205, developed in large checked voile, trimmed with white voile, is combined with a well-cut cloth skirt, 8220, to make a suitable morning costume for general wear. Waist in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust; skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).*



*A plain tailored suit cut on the latest lines is 8217. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).*

*Here is one of the smart "little" dresses, 8227. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents). Transfer Design No. 822 (15 cents).*

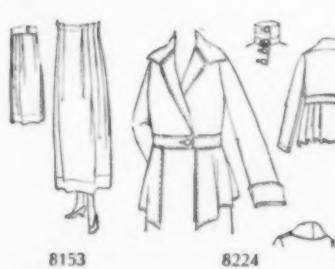


Suit 8217  
Sizes 34-46



**How To Get McCall Patterns**  
McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

**THE McCALL COMPANY**  
New York, N. Y.,  
McCall Building,  
236-250 West 37th Street.  
Chicago, Ill.,  
418-424 South 5th Avenue.  
Boston, Mass.,  
34-40 Chauncy Street.  
San Francisco, Cal.,  
140 Second Street.  
Atlanta, Ga.,  
82 North Pryor Street.  
Toronto, Canada,  
70 Bond Street.



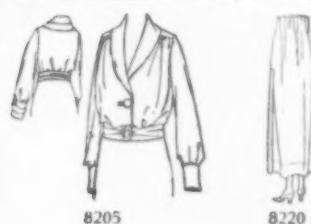
8153

8224

8217

8227

Dress 8227  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 822



8205

8220

# NEW DESIGNS, SIMPLE AND SMART

No. 8183, Ladies' Waist, with or without yoke. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch striped material,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain for the collar and cuffs, and 4 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of edging. The one-sided collar is a novel feature of this waist, though a square one may be used if preferred.

No. 8195, Ladies' Waist. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for vest section and belt.

No. 8187, Ladies' Smock. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain material and 1 yard of 36-inch striped material.

No. 8211, Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width, lower edge, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards.



Transfer Design No. 690  
Price, 10 cents



Waist 8183  
Sizes 34-44



Smock 8187  
Sizes 34-46  
Skirt 8211  
Sizes 22-34

8211



Waist 8195  
Sizes 34-46

Descriptions for  
page 35

Costume Nos. 8185-8189.—The medium size requires 5 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch blue satin, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch white satin for the collar.

No. 8185, Ladies' Waist; two styles of sleeve, attached to lining. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch satin, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 27-inch satin for collar. An unusually interesting design.

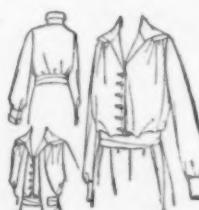
No. 8189, Ladies' Skirt; two-piece tunic with straight lower edge; high waistline; one-piece foundation lengthened by straight section; in 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 4 yards of 40-inch satin. Width, lower edge, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 8219, Ladies' Dress; three-piece skirt, straight lower edge, back and sides pleated at waistline or gathered from yoke-foundation, with one-sided tunic; instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch satin for the collar and vest. Width, lower edge, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards. The back of the skirt is laid in soft pleats or is gathered from yoke lining when the one-sided tunic is used.

No. 8199, Ladies' Dress; two styles of sleeve, four-piece skirt, straight lower edge; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch figured material,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch yellow satin for the collar, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch Georgette crépe for the sleeves. Width, lower edge, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards. The cross-over collar fastens with buttons onto the belt, the ends being free so that the crossing may be made either way.



8199



8219

# SOME ALLURING HINTS FOR SPRING



Waist 8185  
Sizes 34-44  
Skirt 8189  
Sizes 22-32

Dress 8219  
Sizes 34-46

Dress 8199  
Sizes 34-44

MC CALL PATTERNS

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

**COMBINING  
ECONOMY  
SIMPLICITY  
AND  
CHARM**

For afternoon calls, one may have a touch of embroidery on one's dress, if the design be very simple. This dress, 8139, has an attractive belt arrangement. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents). Transfer Design No. 830 adapted (15 cents).



**Dress 8139**  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer No. 830 Adapted

The separate waist, 8113, and skirt, 8111, are extremely good-looking, simple and easy to make. The skirt measures  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards at the lower edge. Waist in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust; skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).



**Waist 8113**  
Sizes 34-44  
**Skirt 8111**  
Sizes 22-32



**Blouse 7999**  
Sizes 34-44  
**Skirt 8101**  
Sizes 22-36



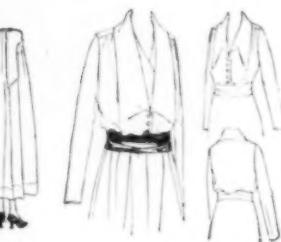
For quantities required  
for models on this page,  
see page 47



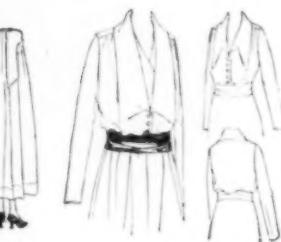
**Waist 8035**  
Sizes 34-44  
**Skirt 8119**  
Sizes 22-32



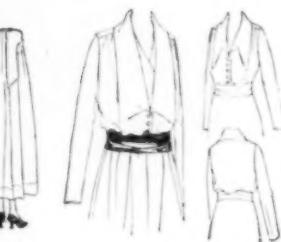
**8119** **8035**



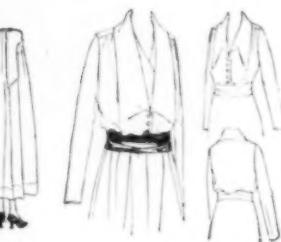
**8111** **8113**



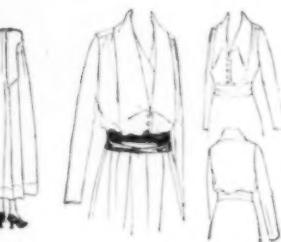
**8111** **8113**



**8119** **8035**



**8111** **8113**



**8119** **8035**



Dress 8129  
Sizes 34-40

Smart and very simple is this good-looking bustle dress, 8129. Two-piece skirt is attached to an underbody, and it is only  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards at the lower edge. Pattern in 4 sizes, 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).



Waist 7975  
Sizes 34-46  
Skirt 8061  
Sizes 22-32

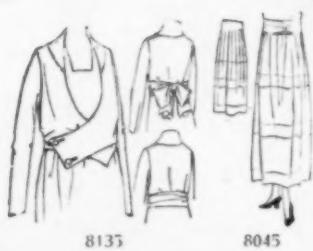
SOME OF  
THE EARLY  
STYLES  
FOR  
SPRING

These are very good designs for the separate waist and skirt. The waist, 7975, has a collar and chemise cut in one, and the skirt, 8061, is four-piece. Waist in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust; skirt in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents each).

For quantities required for models on this page, see page 47



This trim little dress, 8025, fastens down the front and has generous pockets, and flaps, collar and cuffs of contrasting material. A splendid dress for everyday wear. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents). Knitting Bag, 8160, one size (15 cents).



Overblouse 8135  
Sizes 34-44  
Skirt 8045  
Sizes 22-32



Overblouse 7975  
Sizes 34-46  
Skirt 8061  
Sizes 22-32



Dress 8025  
Sizes 34-48  
Knitting Bag 8160  
1 Size



8129

## DAINTY SPRING LINGERIE



Chemise 8203  
Small, medium, large  
Transfer Design No. 646

A dainty chemise, 8203, is cut with a pointed neck line, front and back, and points around the lower edge. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 32, 34; medium, 36, 38; and large, 40, 42 bust (20 cents). Transfer Design No. 646 (10 cents).



8203  
Transfer Design No. 646 (10 cents)



8197  
Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents)



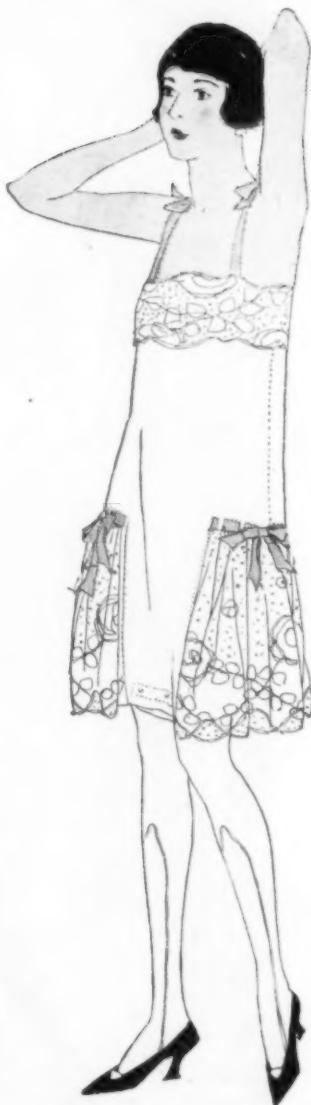
Princess Slip 8197  
Sizes 34-42

The princess slip is a very desirable garment in the wardrobe of Miss (or Madame) 1918, since one-piece frocks continue to be very popular and the straight silhouette holds its own in spite of rivals. The model, 8197, opens either in the center-back or at the side panel in the front, and the straight one-piece gathered flounce may be omitted. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).

In spring, summer nightgowns are made, and with hot nights in view, this pretty sleeveless model, 8201, should not be forgotten. It is very easily made and can be trimmed with hand-embroidered scallops or with lace. The dainty Japanese nainsook and cross-barred dimity are attractive for these nightgowns. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 32, 34; medium, 36, 38; and large, 40, 42 bust (20 cents).



Nightgown 8201  
Small, medium, large



Combination 7070  
Small, medium, large

Close-fitting around the bust, and with side sections gathered below the hips, comes this combination, 7070. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 32, 34; medium, 36, 38; large, 40, 42 bust (10 cents). Ribbon is used for shoulder straps.



7070  
Transfer Design No. 318 (10 cents)

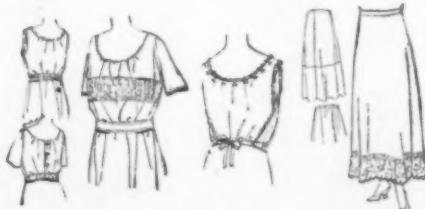
## SIMPLICITY IN UNDERWEAR

ECONOMICAL TO CUT  
LITTLE TRIMMING

Corset Cover 6280  
Sizes 32-44  
Transfer Designs Nos.  
354 and 632

A dainty corset cover, 6280, is attractively embroidered with Transfer Nos. 354 and 632 (10 cents each). Pattern in 7 sizes, 32 to 44 bust (10 cents).

A three-piece petticoat, 7660, with a wide lace flounce is just the thing to wear beneath the dainty summer frock. Pattern in 7 sizes, 24 to 36 waist (15 cents).



8200

6280

7660



Corset Cover 8200—Sizes 34-42  
Transfer Design No. 88

An exquisitely dainty corset cover, 8200, of crêpe de Chine is embroidered with Transfer No. 848 (10 cents). 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).

Charming is this nightgown, 6955; untrimmed except for picot-edged blue ribbon. Pattern in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 bust (15 cents).

For quantities of material required for models on pages 38, 39, see page 47



Nightgown 6955—Sizes 32-42

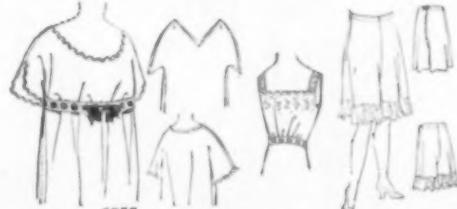
Transfer Design No. 632 (10 cents)



Drawers 7811  
Sizes 22-34  
Transfer Design  
No. 292

A pretty little corset cover, 5360, embroidered with Transfer No. 292 (10 cents) is worth possessing. Pattern in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 bust (10 cents).

Well-cut drawers, 7811, of nainsook are embroidered to match a corset cover with Transfer 292 (10 cents). Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (15 cents).



6955

5360

7811



## MODES FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES



Dress 8026  
Sizes 16-20  
Transfer Design  
No. 851



Dress 8206  
Sizes 16-20



Dress 8208  
Sizes 16-20

No. 8198, Misses' Empire Dress (suitable for small women); one-piece straight skirt, pleated or gathered, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires, shorter length,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch Georgette crêpe for the waist. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 792 (15 cents). The Empire waist, four inches above the regulation waistline, is the special feature of this little dress. The full-length sleeves may be cut off for shorter ones.



Dress 8198  
Sizes 16-20  
Transfer Design  
No. 792

No. 8026, Misses' Tunic Dress (suitable for small women); sleeves attached to waist or lining; two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece lower section; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 44-inch material for the dress, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch satin for the collar. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 851 (15 cents). This design can also be effectively made of contrasting materials.

No. 8206, Misses' Tunic Dress (suitable for small women); two styles of sleeve; three-piece underskirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 3 yards of 45-inch plain material, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch checked for collar, vest and cuffs. Width, lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. This dress is in redingote style, the tunic being cut straight around or cascaded toward the back. The front gore of the skirt is cut in one with the lower section.

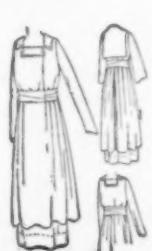
No. 8208, Misses' Dress (suitable for small women); full length or tunic pleated or gathered with one-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight section; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch flowered silk for the dress, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch plain silk. Width, lower edge, 2 yards. This dress shows the new panel effect with the turnover at the top. A smart model for foulard silk.



8026



8206



8208



8198

## CONSERVATIVE FROCKS OF CHARM



Simplicity Dress  
7886  
Sizes 14-20

No. 7886, *Misses' Simplicity Dress* (suitable for small women); two styles of sleeve; to be slipped on over the head; adjusted by elastic to loose or tight waist as preferred; straight skirt, pleated or gathered; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch figured, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch plain for the waist. Lower edge, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8182, *Girl's Dress*. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch striped material and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch plain. The dress is equally effective made of one material.

Dress 8182  
Sizes 6-14

No. 8184, *Girl's Dress*; straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 38-inch material,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for the vest, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for the collar. The tie-ends are cut in one with the fronts of the waist as far as the underarm seams.

No. 8188, *Girl's Princess Dress*; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 38-inch material. The particular feature of this little frock is the inverted pleat at the underarm seam, which is necessary to throw the required fullness at the lower edge. The collar may be omitted if desired.

Dress 8184  
Sizes 6-14

Princess Dress 8188  
Sizes 6-14

No. 7936, *Misses' Dress* (suitable for small women); in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch satin for the dress. Width, lower edge, 2 $\frac{1}{8}$  yards. The design on the front of the waist is Transfer No. 830 (15 cents). Note the extreme simplicity.



7886

8182



8184

8188

Transfer  
Design  
No. 830

Dress 7936  
Sizes 16-20



7936

## FASHIONS FOR THE GROWING GIRL



No. 8194, Girl's Dress; straight skirt, pleated or gathered. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch satin for the collar and cuff facings. Transfer Design No. 858 (15 cents). To save material, the front of the waist under the bib is of lining, and the closing is at the left side-front, under the bib.



Dress 8194  
Sizes 6-14  
Transfer  
Design  
No. 858



Coat 7378  
Sizes 2-14

No. 8202, Girl's Coat; straight pleated side sections. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch satin for the coat, and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 27-inch for the collar and facing. A very stylish little coat, it has the side-pleated sections set in, and the waistline may be high or low as preferred.

No. 7378, Girl's Coat. Pattern in 7 sizes, 2 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 50-inch coating. The belt may be omitted, and deep patch pockets added if so desired.

No. 8084, Girl's Dress. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 38-inch checked material, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for the collar and cuffs. This is a splendid model for the spring dress. The pleats in the front and back give a graceful fullness that is especially good for the growing girl.

No. 8022, Girl's Dress; sleeves attached to waist or jacket; straight skirt, pleated or gathered, attached to waist. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch for the underwaist.



8194

7378

8084

8022



No. 8124, Infant's Short Layette; 25-inch length, coat, cap, dress, Gertrude petticoat, wrapper or sacque. In 1 size (20 cents).—Transfer Designs 317, 702 and 448 (10 cents each).



No. 7742, Infant's Set; coat, cap, dress, slip, blanket robe, sacque and petticoat. Pattern in 1 size (20 cents).—Transfer Design 317 for scallops (10 cents).

No. 8056, Child's Dress with Bloomers; straight skirt, pleated or gathered, buttoned under tuck. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch chambray. When the dress requires lengthening, let out the tuck, which drops the waistline lower, and use a leather belt.

No. 8002, Child's Dress. Pattern in 5 sizes, 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 2 yards of 38-inch cashmere. Transfer Design No. 851 was used for the design on the belt (15 cents).

No. 7750, Child's One- or Two-Piece Romper Dress. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch. Transfer Design No. 318 (10 cents).

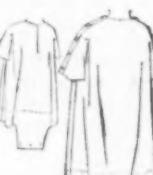
No. 7910, Child's Romper. In 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 3 requires 2 1/8 yards of 27-inch. Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).

No. 7962, Child's Dress. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1 1/8 yards of 36-inch plain and 3/4 yard of 36-inch check.



8210

No. 8210, Child's Romper and Hat. Pattern in 4 sizes; 6 months to 3 years (10 cents).—Size 3 requires 2 yards of 27-inch. The Dutch figures are part of Transfer 730, and the smocking is Transfer 690 (10 cents each).



7750



Dress 7962  
Sizes 1-6

7910

7962

8056

8002

No. 8028, Boy's Suit. Pattern in 3 sizes, 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 1½ yards 54-inch checked, and ¼ yard 27-inch plain for collar.

No. 7918, Girl's Dress. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch for dress, and ¼ yard 27-inch for cuffs. Transfer Design No. 799 (15 cents).

No. 8192, Child's Dress. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 1½ yards 38-inch material.

No. 8212, Girl's Dress. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 20½-inch flouncing, ¾ yard 40-inch for waist.



Dress 8212  
Sizes 6-14



8192



Dress 8196  
Sizes 1-6  
Transfer Design No. 690  
(10 cents)

8196  
Transfer Design No. 690  
(10 cents)

8196  
Transfer Design No. 690  
(10 cents)

No. 7954, Girl's Dress. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires 7/8 yard 36-inch for waist, sleeves and belt, and 2 yards 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8190, Girl's Slip-On Apron. Pattern in 7 sizes, 1 to 12 years (10 cents).—Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material.



No. 8204, Child's Dress; smocked or gathered. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 448 (10 cents).

No. 8196, Child's Dress; smocked or gathered. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress. Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).



# DESIGNS THAT SAVE MATERIAL

[Continued from page 20]

that they will last all season and for more than one season without any remodeling whatsoever.

Study the layouts, "be sure you are right, then go ahead," and you will be satisfied with your new dress. The patterns that back the flag, that save material and time, are the ones for the patriotic woman.

The following diagrams show how the dresses illustrated on page 29 can be cut from a minimum amount of material. In order to do this the diagrams must be followed carefully and accurately. Sometimes there are deviations from the pattern envelope directions; for instance, a pattern piece is laid on the selvages of the material instead of a fold, or a sleeve may be pieced, or perhaps a collar may be placed on a crosswise fold instead of a lengthwise. Some of the patterns are laid so closely upon the material that a deviation of the scissors of a quarter of an inch might be fatal to the dress.

It scarcely seems possible that as stylish and pretty a dress as 8227 could be cut from two yards of 54-inch material, does it? But it was, and what is more, you can do it, too, if you will follow carefully the diagram shown on this page when you lay your pattern upon your material in the first place.

Figure 1 shows this dress, 8227, laid on 2 yards of 54-inch serge. The sleeves are pieced under the arms, and the place where the piecings come out is indicated on the diagram by the word "piecing." The collar and belt are of contrasting material.



8227

From  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material the costume Nos. 8207-8220, medium size, is cut. The panel effect on the waist is very smart, especially as the collar helps to carry out the same effect in the back. The bottom of the waist reaches the waistline only and is finished with a casing. The skirt has overlapping seams at the sides which jog forward and button onto the front gores. This pattern cuts from this amount of material without a single piecing. See Diagram Fig. 2. In cutting the pattern it is best to cut the back and front of the skirt, the fronts and sleeves first, and

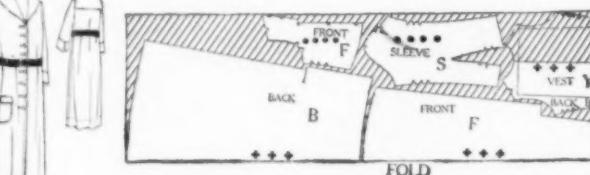


Diagram showing patterns Nos. 8207-8220 cut from  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material. This comes out without piecing. The vest and back are cut from facing pieces.



8227

No. 8227, Ladies' One-Piece Dress; opening center-front or with yokes opening on shoulder and at underarm, two styles of sleeve attached to dress or lining; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents). The width is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 8207, Ladies' Waist; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).

No. 8220, Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt; high waistline; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist (20 cents). Width around the lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

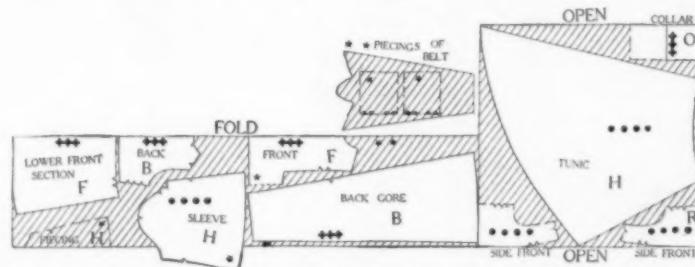


Diagram showing 8185-8215 laid upon  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 40-inch material. The back gore is laid on the selvage instead of a fold, allowing  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch for a seam, and the collar is cut crosswise of the fabric instead of lengthwise.

**Editor's Note.**  
—Mrs. Whitney will gladly suggest colors and combinations of materials for these dresses if you write to her. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.



8207

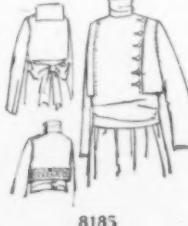


8220

No. 8185, Ladies' Waist; two styles of sleeve, attached to lining. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).  
No. 8215, Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt, in one-sided effect, front under-section having foundation; high waistline; 39-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist (20 cents). Width around the lower edge,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards.



8215



8185

## FOR BUSY HOURS AT HOME

No. 7449, *Ladies' House Dress and Cap*; three-piece skirt, in 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 38-inch skirt, 4½ yards 36-inch striped, 7/8 yard 36-inch plain. Skirt's width, 3 yards.

No. 8209, *Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Apron Dress*; instep length. Pattern in 3 sizes, small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires 4½ yards 36-inch chambray. Width, 2 yards. Transfer No. 323 (10 cents)



House Dress and Cap 7449  
Sizes 34-48

QUANTITIES OF MATERIAL FOR PAGES 30, 31, 32,  
33, 36, 37, 38 and 39

5360—Size 36, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
6280—Size 36, 1 yd. 36 ins. wide.  
6955—Size 36, 4½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
7070—Medium size, 2½ yds. 36 ins. wide; flouncing, 1½ yds. 13 ins. wide; insertion, 1½ yds.  
7660—Size 26, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide; flouncing, 2½ yds. 18 ins. wide.  
7808—Size 36, 7 yds. 38 ins. wide; 3/4 yd. 36 ins. wide.  
7811—Size 26, 1½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
7965—Size 36, 2½ yds. 50 ins. wide.  
7969—Size 26, 2 yds. 44 ins. wide; 7/8 yd. 40 ins. wide.  
7975—Size 36, 1½ yds. 38 ins. wide; 3/4 yd. 40 ins. wide.  
7999—Size 36, 2 yds. 36 ins. wide.  
8003-7969—Medium size, 3½ yds. 44 ins. wide; 7/8 yd. 40 ins. wide.  
8003—Size 36, 1½ yds. 44 ins. wide; 1/4 yd. 27 ins. wide.  
8025—Size 36, 4½ yds. 36 ins. wide; 1/2 yd. 36 ins. wide.  
8035—Size 36, 2½ yds. 38 ins. wide.  
8039—Size 26, 3½ yds. 36 ins. wide; 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
8045—Size 26, 5½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
8061—Size 26, 3 yds. 50 ins. wide.  
8094-8039—Medium size, 3½ yds. 40 ins. wide; 2 yds. 36 ins. wide; 5/8 yd. 40 ins. wide.  
8094—Size 36, 3/4 yd. 36 ins. wide (figured); 1 yd. 40 ins. wide (plain); 5/8 yd. 40 ins. wide.  
8100—Size 36, 3½ yds. 50 ins. wide; 3/4 yd. 27 ins. wide.  
8101—Size 26, 3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
8111—Size 26, 2½ yds. 50 ins. wide.  
8113—Size 36, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide; 1 yd. 27 ins. wide.  
8119—Size 26, 4½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
8129—Size 36, 3½ yds. 45 ins. wide; 3/8 yd. 36 ins. wide.  
8135-8045—Medium size, 6½ yds. 36 ins. wide; 1½ yds. 40 ins. wide; 3/8 yd. 36 ins. wide.

[Concluded on page 63]



How To Get McCall Patterns

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to

THE McCALL COMPANY

New York, N. Y.,  
McCall Building,  
236-250 West 37th St.

Chicago, Ill.,  
418-424 S. 5th Ave.,  
Boston, Mass.,  
34-40 Chauncy St.

San Francisco, Cal.,  
140 Second Street.  
Atlanta, Ga.,  
82 North Pryor St.

Toronto, Canada  
70 Bond Street.

# WORK FOR YOU

## JUNIOR HOME RESERVES

ALICE MANNING DICKEY, Commander

**T**HIS month I have some important Military Duty for all of you—so important, it seems to me, that I am going to postpone our usual cooking lesson until another month. Does that disappoint you at all? Do write in and tell me whether you would like to have a lesson in "cooking for one" every month, no matter what other work we are undertaking.

But just for this one month I want to talk about something which has been tugging away at my heart ever since last Christmas when we all read of the poor little French children abroad and how our own boys in khaki gave them the first merry Christmas they had had for three years. It is sad enough to think of grown people being hungry and cold and unhappy, but over in France there are thousands of poor little children without enough food to nourish them or enough clothing to keep them warm. I say "thousands"—did you know that there are 200,000 little French children whose fathers have been killed in this war, and whose mothers are too poor to take care of them without help? "The Fatherless Children of France," they are called, and all America is opening its heart to help them. I have been wondering if here and there all over our country there were not little groups of Junior Home Reserves who would like to help these children, as part of their work? A very beautiful way of doing so has been thought out by a group of big-hearted men and women with Marshal Joffre of France at their head—"Papa Joffre," the French soldiers lovingly call this great, bluff, human-hearted Marshal of France.

There are two ways of helping these children—one takes



does not mean bringing it over here into one's own family. It means making it possible for the child to stay in its own home with its own mother, instead of being sent to an orphan asylum.

Ten cents a day! Doesn't that seem little? The French Government puts another ten cents with it, and on that twenty cents a day it is possible in France for a child to



THE FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE HAVE BEEN TOLD AMERICAN CHILDREN WANT TO HELP THEM. DO YOU?

a little money, the other does not. I am going to tell you about both plans. For ten cents a day one may "adopt" a little French child, either a girl or boy, just as one likes, and pick it out by name. Adopting

\$36.50! But I have thought of a plan by which you can do it.

Of course, with your mother's permission, you could each call on some of the older people and see how much money each would subscribe monthly, to be used for the adoption of a little French child by your Junior Home Reserve group. If each of you got just one person who would give thirty cents a month, you would have enough.

But some of the groups may prefer to earn that \$36.50. There aren't many ways, of course, in which school girls can earn money, without interfering with their school work, but soliciting magazine subscriptions is one good method, sure to produce the money. Every family wants magazines; so you may be sure of success. Have your Company select one or more magazines (McCall's or others) and write to the Subscription Department at once to ask what part of the subscription price they will give you for each subscription you get. When you have enough money, write to "The Fatherless Children of France, Room 741, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Illinois," a letter like this:

[Concluded on page 60]



ONLY SMALL BUNDLES SAVED FROM GERMAN GUNFIRE

have a home and a mother. It seems almost miraculous, doesn't it?

Over in Paris a group of men and women gather the names of these little children as fast as the fathers are killed, and send them to America, where in one hundred and twenty-five cities there are other groups working hard to see that every fatherless child is taken care of. These lists are in their hands for any one to see, and one may look them over and pick out just the boy or girl who interests one most.

A Junior Home Reserve Company of ten could adopt a little boy or girl for one cent a day each, and I can't think of anything quite so delightful to do with a penny a day, can you? How many of my groups would like to do this, and feel that they can?

Of course there is the question of money, and I know perfectly well that getting ten cents together, every day of the year, is rather a big undertaking for six young soldiers.

That means



**How to get  
this beautiful picture  
for framing**

THIS painting by Paul Stahr, the well-known illustrator, is his interpretation of "A Skin You Love to Touch." It has been beautifully reproduced from the original water color painting. Size 15 x 19 inches. Made expressly for framing. No printed matter on it. Send for your picture today. Read offer below.



*A skin You  
Love to Touch*

PAINTED BY  
PAUL STAHR.

## You too can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"

**S**OFT, smooth skin, the clear glowing complexion that everyone admires — these you, too, can have.

Whatever the condition that is keeping your skin from being as attractive as it should be, it can be changed. In a much shorter time than you would imagine, your skin will respond to the proper care and treatment.

### *Why your skin can be changed*

Your skin changes continually. Every day it is being renewed. Old skin dies — new forms. This is your opportunity, for as this new skin forms, you can keep it fresh, soft and clear as Nature intended.

Is your skin dull, lifeless, colorless?

*A special treatment for an oily skin and shiny nose is among the famous treatments given in the Woodbury booklet you get with the soap. Secure a cake today and the booklet that goes with it.*

Begin today to make it clear and glowing. If you are troubled with an oily skin — a shiny nose — begin today to correct it.

Learn just what is the proper treatment for your trouble, and use it persistently every night before retiring. In the Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," you will find instructions for treating your own and many other conditions of the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice a decided improvement.

### *How to get these treatments*

The Woodbury booklet of skin treatments is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury

treatment a 25c cake will be sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. Get a cake today and begin your treatment.

*This picture, with sample cake of soap, samples of cream and powder, with book of treatments for 15c*

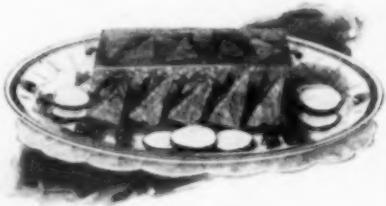
For 15c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap — large enough for a week's treatment with the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. In addition to the samples and booklet, we will send you a reproduction in full colors of the beautiful painting shown above, made expressly for framing. This picture will be very popular; secure your copy at once. Write today to *The Andrew Jergens Co., 1503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

*If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1563 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

*For enlarged pores, try the treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets.*



**"and here  
is the  
Third  
Edition of  
Sunday's  
Roast."  
says  
Mrs. Knox**



*Meat Leaf*

Take two cups of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted grape juice. Use two squares of Knox Sparkling Gelatine and add one-half cup cold water. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold-chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken). Add a few tiny cubes of green pepper, or a few sprigs of dill, if desired, or parsley. Turn into a square mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from mold, garnish and cut in slices for serving.

THIS recipe is one of those contained in Mrs. Knox's new book, "Food Economy," that show you how to eliminate waste by the use of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. And not only eliminate waste, but learn to make left-overs into deliciously appetizing dishes that look so good and taste so good that it is a real household triumph to serve them.

So, you see, Knox Sparkling Gelatine is more than a dessert material—it's a real aid to patriotic housewives in keeping their pledge to Mr. Hoover.

*Send for this book today.* It is free. A post card request will bring it to you if you mention your dealer's name and address.



Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., Inc.  
8 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

**KNOX**  
SPARKLING  
GELATINE

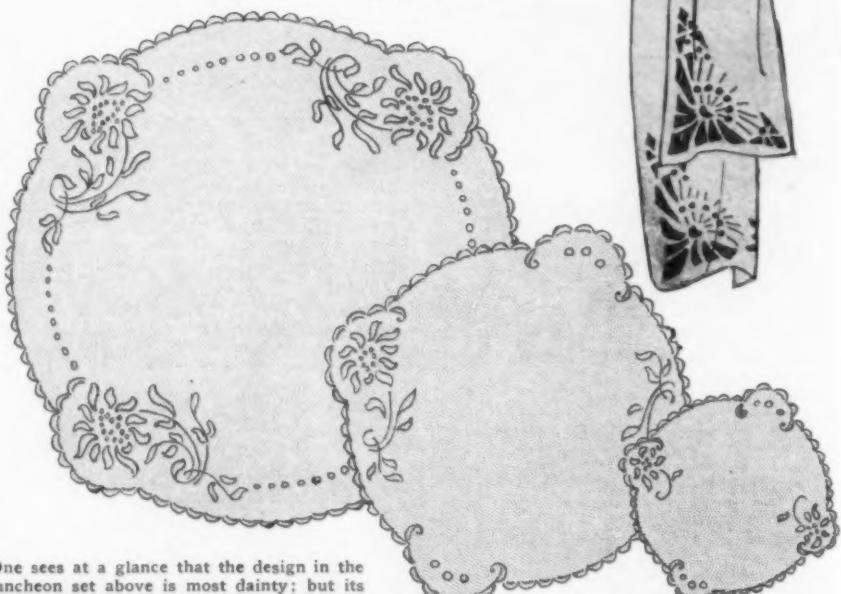


## DRESS HINTS AND FINE LINENS

By HELEN THOMAS



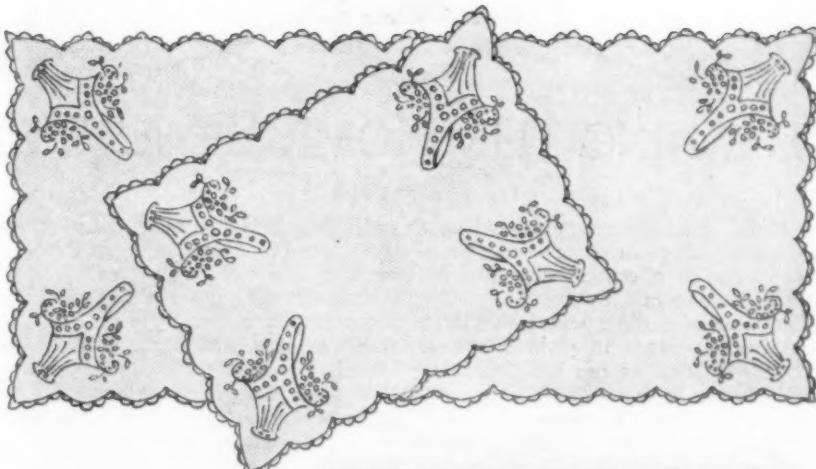
The girdle is just a straight piece of satin, 7 inches wide and about 2½ yards long, with motifs stamped from Transfer Design No. 723 (price, 10 cents).



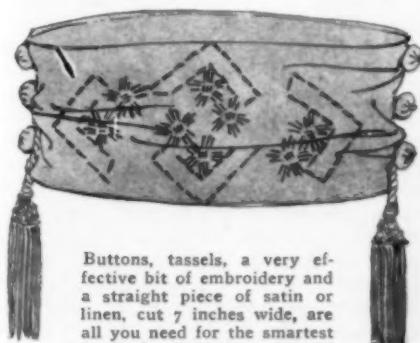
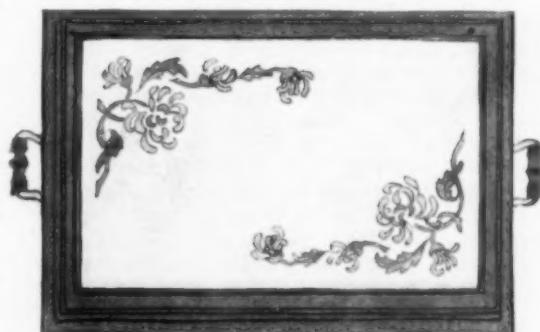
One sees at a glance that the design in the luncheon set above is most dainty; but its special object was to require very little time to embroider. It is done in satin, outline, and eyelet-stitch. The centerpiece measures 25 inches across; it is Transfer Design No. 878 (price, 10 cents). Transfer Design 879 (price,

15 cents) provides for stamping 6 doilies of the 10-inch and 6 of the 6-inch size.

[Concluded on page 51]



These bewitching little baskets that any one would love to embroider in eyelet-, outline-, and satin-stitch, can be used for a tray cloth or a scarf in the size you want, because the Transfer Design No. 877 (price, 15 cents) provides extra scalloping for length or width. The graceful chrysanthemum corners (also in this pattern), when worked in Kensington-stitch with soft shades of lavender or pink silk floss, are exceedingly effective for a serving tray or a scarf. Embroidery directions are included.



Buttons, tassels, a very effective bit of embroidery and a straight piece of satin or linen, cut 7 inches wide, are all you need for the smartest kind of a belt that will add new style to your old gown. Use Transfer Design No. 851 (price, 15 cents) for stamping the motifs; for the embroidery you can use chenille, wool, heavy silk, or mercerized cotton.

A pretty hat and bag like these have a cheerful effect upon both observer and wearer. Two patterns are needed to copy the set, McCall Ladies' Hat Pattern No. 8130 (price, 10 cents), and Transfer Pattern No. 806 (price, 15 cents). You can use satin, silk, cloth or linen, and embroider the effective little motifs in contrasting colors, with either heavy mercerized cotton, silk floss, or wool. This set was dark gray, with red and deep purple combined in the French knots. The bag is just a straight piece, cut 27 inches long and 14 inches wide, gathered into a 2-inch covered button at the top the edges of the deep hem are caught to rings, allowing the material between the rings to fall back, showing the pretty running stitches.

*Editor's Note.—These McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Designs can be successfully stamped on your material in less than a minute. Purchase them at McCall Pattern Agencies or send stated prices in stamps or money order to the McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Designs stamped on material not supplied.*



### The Home Soldier

is doing her part in these strenuous times, and stern necessities are educating all of us in food quality.

Aside from its achieved reputation as a true builder of body and brain,

### Grape-Nuts

has economical features for every housewife to consider.

Grape-Nuts food requires no sugar, for in its twenty-hour baking a quantity of grape-sugar is developed from the grains. Then, too, less milk or cream is required than for the ordinary cereal.

Barley is mixed with wheat in Grape-Nuts, providing an economy over an all-wheat food and further enriching it. And it can be eaten to the last atom—not a particle of waste.

And best of all, it is about 98% wholesome, delicious nutrition.

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**

## Make Your Hair Look Its Best

Proper Shampooing is what makes your hair beautiful. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

### WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store, and a 50 cent bottle should last for months.



If your druggist does not have it, an original bottle will be mailed direct upon receipt of the price.

*Splendid for Children.*

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



## PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Concluded from page 16]

trim is the generally accepted ideal as a background for mahogany; while wainscoting forms an effective background for formal dining-room furniture.

The floor of a dining-room should be inconspicuous. Rugs in plain colors or small all-over designs are best, but they should always appear substantial enough to support the heavy furniture.

A point that is too often overlooked in a dining-room is the sheer beauty of balance. There is a satisfying rhythm about repetition: hence the charm of paneled doors; of identical chimney closets flanking each side of a fireplace; and of candlesticks and sconces in pairs.

Since the dining-room of the modern home is dignified and reposeful and almost barren of ornamental accessories, the few necessary pieces of furniture must combine ornamentation with utility. Mahogany and American walnut are the cabinet woods most popular at present.

In dining-rooms where there are no built-in closets for china, linen, silver and glass, formal pieces, providing adequate storing capacity, must be supplied. Such details as line, form, dimension, decoration and finish, then become a matter of personal choice. A few of the principles that make for true elegance are dull-finished woods, an absence of mirrors and similar decorative features, no ostentatious show of crystal and china, and no cumbersome tops.

The most important piece of furniture in the room is the table, for upon this depends much of the mood of the room. A square table suggests formality; a round one, coziness. The octagon-shaped table bespeaks hospitality; while the long, narrow ones suggest informality and conviviality. The oblong table with rounded corners belongs to the Colonial period.

Chairs should either reproduce or accentuate the dominant characteristics of the table or have a distinct individual appeal which, at the same time, contributes to the harmony of the completed room. Among the attractive dining-room chairs for unpretentious rooms, one finds the slat-back, splat-back and ladder-back varieties;

and, for stately purposes, luxurious ones upholstered in leather, with panel insets of carving.

Among the newer pieces of dining-room furniture, one finds linen cabinets, silver cabinets, and china cabinets made entirely of wood, with double doors that shut the contents from view. The linen cabinets are about five feet wide and are fitted with shelves for storing table linens. The extreme width is a boon to the woman who likes to put away her tablecloths uncreased. The cabinets for silver are luxuriously commodious, having lined compartments for the large pieces as well as drawers for the flat silver.

Since the introduction of these separate cabinets, the buffet has largely given place to the sideboard and server, which are used in combination with the cabinets. The sideboard is a side-table of almost bench-like simplicity, with a top about six feet long, beneath which are two shallow drawers. On it may stand the silver fruit-bowl and the pair of silver candlesticks when these are not in use upon the table. The server is a small piece built on the same lines, and used as a side-table.

For the Colonial dining-room, a unique piece is the Stratford dresser, combining ample drawer space below, with an open cupboard above. The upper portion is divided into quaint compartments with narrow shelves which answer the purpose of a plate-rail, while the broad shelf, which forms the top of the drawer space, provides ample room for the china in daily use. A dresser of this type, a draw-top table and splat-back Windsor chairs will combine to create a delightfully old-fashioned room.

The fabrics used in the dining-room must be dignified. Sideboard covers may be of heavy linen, embroidered with monograms or conventional designs. Hand-woven pieces, found in arts-and-crafts shops, are ideal for this purpose. Among the upholstery fabrics figured haircloth holds a prominent place. This is not the uncomfortable haircloth of a generation ago, but a relative in soft, rich colorings, suggestive of leather.

## THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

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## KNITTING FOR ECONOMY

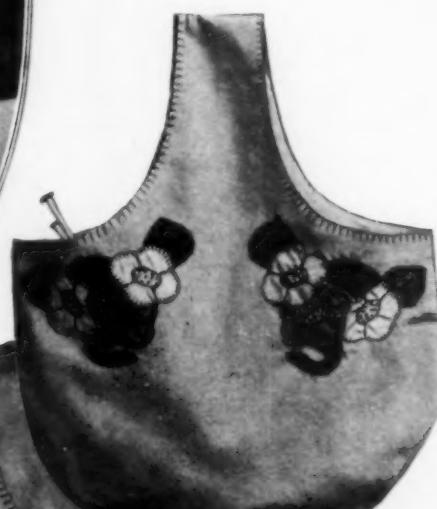
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



The sweaters pictured here are in styles that give both comfort and service. If one of your family needs a sweater, it is real economy to make it rather than to buy a ready-made one; but if your time is worth more than the money saved, you can find the coat-sweater in the shops. Directions for the slip-on model are given with or without sleeves, for a man, or a boy (11 to 14 years). See Editor's note below. Fluffed cotton, an excellent substitute for wool, can be suitably used.

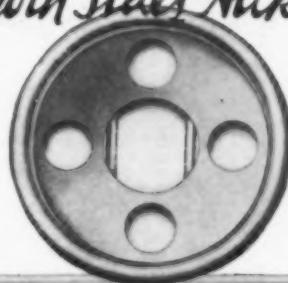
*Editor's Note.—To obtain knitting directions for the two sweaters, send a stamped envelope (addressed to yourself) and 10 cents in stamps or money order to the McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Transfer Design No. 881, for the bag, is 15 cents.*

It is practical things that count these days, but when things can be charming, unusual and practical at the same time—so much the better. So with the apron bag below; its vanishing top becomes part of the bag when milady carries her knitting; then when she is ready to knit 2, purl 2, it ties conveniently around her waist. The bag may be stamped on any material (blue poplin is especially pretty), using Transfer Pattern No. 881 (price, 15 cents); the smart motifs may be stamped on colored felt or any odds and ends from your rag-bag. This pattern comes in yellow for stamping dark materials, or blue for light materials. Full directions and cutting outline are given with the pattern. The bag requires one yard of 36-inch material.



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the Right Side*

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## BEAD YOUR OWN BAG

By HELEN THOMAS

The stunning beaded bag below was made by stamping Transfer Design No. 882 (price, 15 cents) on cross-stitch canvas, then sewing the beads over the threads of the canvas—a new and simple way to make a beautiful bag, which would be most expensive if bought in the shops. The pattern gives designs and full instructions as to work and colors for all articles on this page. Bag, chain and buckles, beaded to match, make a very desirable outfit.

The charm of this half-beaded bag makes it a rival in popularity with the one shown opposite. It was beaded in the same manner on cross-stitch canvas, with the upper part made of dark blue corded silk. The Transfer Design for stamping these bags comes in yellow or blue, and includes full instructions for work and colors for all the articles on this page. Evenly rounded, medium-sized beads should be selected for this work. Transfer Design 882 is 15 cents.



Little time or expense is needed to make this dainty neck chain, which adds an exquisite finish to one's costume. It can be made either with or without a loom. Full instructions for making are included in Transfer Design No. 882 (price, 15 cents).

Any girl can spare a little time to make these beaded shoe buckles, which are very new and smart for slippers and pumps. Full directions for stamping and beading on cross-stitch or stiff canvas included in Transfer Design No. 882 (price, 15 cents).

*Editor's Note.—This McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Pattern can be easily stamped on your material with a hot iron in less than one minute. You can purchase it at any McCall Pattern Agency or if you will send 15 cents in stamps or money order to the McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y., it will be sent to you promptly. These designs cannot be supplied stamped on material.*



## HER SIDE OF THE STORY

[Concluded from page 26]

husbands playing around with an old sweetheart."

I could feel my cheeks get red, but I managed a laugh. "Nonsense! Helene is just like a sister to John. You know they have been chums all their lives."

"I know everyone in town supposed they were to be married," she said, dryly. "But there, I'd be the last person to try to set you against Helene. John is the only man who ever paid her the slightest attention, and, if her keeping him on a line doesn't worry you, I don't know why other folk should worry about it. You're very sensible not to be frightened by gossip."

I was furious by that time, but I had sense enough to keep cool and to drop the subject with a shrug. I began to talk of something else, and I was careful to eat a good luncheon so Mrs. Porter would have no reason to think I was worried. But, all the time, I was hurt and angry at Helene for putting me in such a position, and at Mrs. Porter for daring to insinuate that my John could be kept "on a line" by anybody. And what did she mean about not being frightened by gossip? Were people gossiping about John?

Suddenly I remembered that one of the girls had asked me a few days before, in rather a queer tone, if I saw much of Helene? I thought, at the time, that the queer tone was because the girl did not like Helene. But now—what had that girl been thinking? Was everyone misjudging John and pitying me?

Understand, I did not misjudge John. Not for one instant have I doubted John's utter faithfulness to me. I know his love, his loyalty, his goodness. But that is just the point—John is so good! His own mind is so clean that he simply never thinks how other people look at things.

But I care what people think. Any woman does. No woman wants everyone thinking that her husband of six months is keeping up an affair with an old sweetheart. Nor does she want people to say, "Oh, John's so easy! He lets Helene make a fool of him."

I knew John never would think of all this himself, but I never dreamed that he would not understand when I explained it to him. But, to my utter amazement, John, who always read my very thoughts before, has not the slightest conception of how I feel about this. He thinks I am jealous of Helene!

"But, sweetheart, that's absurd! Of course I am Helene's friend, but you know that doesn't affect my love for you," he said, looking hurt and bewildered, when I told him how I felt.

"Of course, I know it. But don't you see other people think it is queer?"

"What difference does that make?"

His dear face was clouded and puzzled. "This was the first time I had really invited Helene to luncheon since I was married," he said. "I've eaten with her quite often when we just happened to meet in a lunch-room, but we never have a chance to talk much in those places. And she always has been accustomed to talking things over with me. So now we are going to Stanley's every Wednesday."

"But you can't do that!" I wailed. "If people are saying horrid things now, what will they say if you go to Stanley's with her, alone, every week? If this were a large city, it would be different. In New York, they say married men, and women, too, go about just as if they were not married, and nobody thinks anything of it. But this isn't New York!"

"Everybody is quite welcome to know the truth about me," said John. And then he went on talking about loyalty and the sacredness of friendship, and the foolishness of jealousy, until I wanted to scream.

"Let Helene come here to dinner every Wednesday night," I suggested. "You two can visit while I do the dishes, and I'll take a long time for them."

But no. He is sure Helene would think that discourteous to me. And he also feels sure that she would never talk over her family affairs in my presence. John has always comforted and advised her, but I am a stranger.

This is Wednesday, and I know he is lunching with her, while I am ill from unhappiness. What is any friendship worth, compared with the love between husband and wife?

But it is Helene I blame. She is a woman and knows how women feel these things. It is not impossible for her to understand how I hate the thought of gossip, how it hurts to have anyone think that John is not wholly mine.

I'm beginning to wonder if John really cares for me as much as I do for him. I wonder if a man's love can ever be given, as a woman's is, simply and unreservedly to one? Must a woman always compromise, always try to be satisfied with a little less than the ideal?

*Editor's Note.—If you are interested in her problem and want to help solve it, send in your contest letter before April 15, addressed to Montanye Perry, McCall's Magazine. There are no conditions connected with the contest, and subscribers and non-subscribers are admitted alike. The letters—which should be as brief as possible—will be judged by the editors solely on the basis of the contestant's human understanding and sense of human values. Three prizes of \$20 each will be given for the three best letters. See also page 84. Contestants can enter both contests.*

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## ONE PEEP

By JO L. G. McMAHON

**A**LL this happened in the broad day-light, on a still, warm afternoon.

In the comfortable shade of a hawthorn bush, on a grassy knoll beside a country lane, a little boy sat thinking. He had decided what he would be when he grew up, and was just beginning to wonder what Mother would have for supper, when his attention was drawn to an odd little whistling.

It had been going on for some time. At first he had imagined it to be someone whistling in the distance, but now it seemed to him to be a thin little whistle near by. As he turned his head to listen, a glint of light on a flat rock close at hand caught his eye. There lay a little knife, about the length of a match.

"Goodness!" thought the little boy, and then and there it disappeared. This time he didn't think anything at all—he was too astonished. He simply sat and stared.

All the while the thin little whistling went on as before, sort of "tweedle-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee." Then, in a moment, there was the knife again glistening in the light. He picked it up to look at it. The whistling ceased abruptly.

"Where's my knife?" asked a puzzled voice.

"Your knife? Whose knife? Who's there anyway?" exclaimed Little Boy in astonishment.

There was no answer.

He heard nothing but the drone of the bees and the wind overhead and a bobolink down the lane.

"Hi!" cried the boy. "Who are you? Are you there?"

"H-hm," said the little voice, and there stood a faery, with his hat in his hand and a pleasant little smile on his face—a tiny man with a bright red coat and tight gray pantaloons.

"Goodness, gracious, sakes! Where in the world did you come from?" asked Little Boy.

The deeny man laughed softly. "I was here all the time, but I had on my hat. So—"

And placing it upon his head, he disappeared, hat and all.

But his voice went on, "—until you called, and then I took it off, so—"

And there he stood again, with the hat in his hand.

"As long as we faery folk keep on our hats or crowns or nightcaps," he explained, "you big folks can never see us, no matter how you may try, but when we take them off, then you can."

And he popped his hat on and off half a dozen times, disappearing and reappearing so quickly that he quite confused Little Boy, who cried out,

"Stop it! Stop it! Keep it off. You nearly make me dizzy. There, that's better. Thanks," he added as the faery man, with another laugh, stuffed the cap into his pocket.

"But your knife, here it is. Don't you want it?"

"Thank you," said the deeny man. "Thank you very much. You see," he continued, calling Little Boy's attention to a tiny red-leather shoe lying beside him in

the grass, and holding up one stocking foot, "I was pulling a berry thorn out of my boot. And it was whenever I laid down my knife that you saw it. I hadn't noticed you until you picked it up. I came out here to sit by the edge of the village."

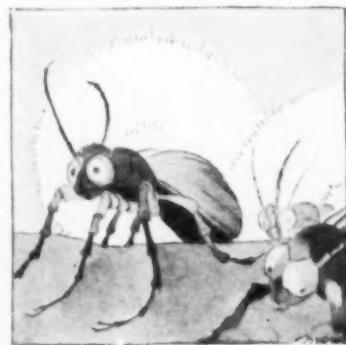
"By the edge of the village?" asked Little Boy. "We're a mile from town!"

"Oh, but I didn't mean your village. I mean ours, here. But about the knife, I'm glad you gave it back. It wouldn't have been easy to get another. So I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a wish to repay you for your kindness. What do you feel you'd like the most? Anything you wish I'll let you have."

[Continued on page 57]



"GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, SAKES!"



ALL THE LITTLE CREEPY FELLOWS



## ONE PEEP

[Continued from page 56]

"Really!" cried the little boy. "Really! I know what! Show me your village. Just a peep," he begged.

"Just a peep? Very well. Take a look about."

The little boy gazed all around, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. At one side ran the winding lane, bordered by raspberry bushes and balm-o'-Gileads, and on the other hand lay the open field, full of ox-eyed daisies.

"Oh," he cried in disappointment, "that's not fair. You're only joking with me."

"Yes," chuckled the faery. "It was a bit of a joke, but I'll be keeping my word just the same. You see, the reason you big people rarely see us faery folk is that you go looking for us the way you'd look for a lost penny or for violets in the springtime. We're seldom found that way. We're a bashful lot. However, there's the village," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Now suppose you turn your back and look away."

As Little Boy did, his eyes grew round with wonder, for before his eyes he seemed to see a teeny, weeny town, yet all the time he felt it was *behind* him.

You know, when you are in the house you can remember just how things look out-of-doors, or when you are down in the dining-room you know exactly how things look up-stairs in the nursery. *That's* the way it was.

Behind him ran a little road no wider than a slate, coming from under the hawthorn bush and running down toward the big folks' lane, and all along were jolly little houses, mostly green and red and black. In and out and 'round about were many faery people, hustling here and bustling there, never still a moment.

One thing which attracted the little boy's attention was a sort of procession of little gray and brown insects scurrying along to a little white house with a tower up top, where, one by one, they were admitted by a deeney man standing at the door. He would open the door quickly and a little bug would

pop in. A moment later he would open the door quickly and the little bug would pop out. Then another would take his turn.

And every time the door was opened Little Boy seemed to see a glow of light inside, but the nimble little deeney man always shut the door so rapidly he could not make out just what it was like.

"Who are all the little creepy fellows," he asked the deeney man, "and what's that light I see inside the building?"

"O, those?" said the faery, "why they're fireflies. They bring us light the way bees bring honey to you big people. Every time a candle goes out the fireflies catch the light. Every time you see a firefly flash you know that someone has blown out a candle and gone to bed.

When they get all they can carry they bring it here for us and leave it there in our lighthouse."

"How funny," said Little Boy, "but what do you do with it all?"

"We make it into lamps to use at our dances. You see those fellows over there?" and he indicated a group of three or four at the farther side of the village. They seemed to be doing a curious sort of hunting. They would hide behind rocks and clumps of grass. Suddenly, from nowhere in particular, would appear a bouncing bubble, rolling about in the liveliest manner imaginable. Then the faeries would dash out after it, shouting, and one or another would catch it under his hat. As soon as one got two or three, all that he could carry, he would come running back to town and he, too, would be admitted to the lighthouse, from which he would return empty-handed and race back to the field for another load.

"You see," went on the faery, "those are all the soap bubbles that burst. Did you never wonder where they went? As fast as one breaks in your world it pops into ours. Nothing's wasted. Nothing's wasted. We fill them with the firefly light and use them at our dances. They're the

[Concluded on page 94]



BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE



"O, THAT? THAT'S SMOKE!"



## Blue Bonnets

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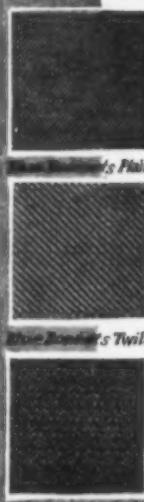
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## SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING

By IDA CAROTHERS MERRIAM

SCIENTIFIC management has lately come to be recognized as a mighty force for success in all industries. It aims at the elimination of superfluous motions and the increase of efficiency.

In all work, especially in housekeeping, there are three elements to be considered, namely, time, material, and health.

And here it is well to remember that large factors in good health are happiness and peace of mind. The element for which the home exists, and by which its efficiency is to be measured, is the health of its occupants, and whatever makes for better or more enduring health in the home, while reasonably conserving time and material, increases the success of that home.

The difference between the housekeeper and the homekeeper becomes apparent through their unlike valuation of the three elements. Apparently, the housekeeper considers material things of the most importance, as exemplified when the children are reprimanded for getting their clothes dirty—the garments are so elaborately made

that they are hard to launder—or when no one is allowed to sit on the embroidered and be-ribboned sofa cushions. She conserves the material element at the unreasonable expense of comfort and happiness. She is decreasing by just so much the efficiency of her home. On the other hand, the homekeeper considers the health and happiness of the members of her household of greater value than the material things. The children play and get their clothes dirty without fear of scolding and punishment; and none of the sofa cushions is too good to be used. She has the right perspective, and by adding to the comfort and happiness of her family, while reasonably conserving time and material, increases the success of her home.

In her administration of affairs, the successful housekeeper must keep in mind the fact that the relative value of the three elements varies in different matters. When a question as to the best way in which to do a given task comes up, she needs but to recognize the relative value of the ways, and her decision is easy.

One thing that makes for efficiency in housekeeping is a wise attitude toward

work on the part of the housewife. The census people say that housekeeping is not a profession. It is true that a business man would be ashamed to run his business in such slap-dash, helter-skelter fashion as some of us keep house! Only a marvel of a business or professional man could succeed with such lack of system and such

antiquated tools as are to be seen in many homes. But in spite of what the census people say, housekeeping is a real profession. Surely, it is only by regarding it in some such light, and by applying business-like and professional methods that the housekeeper can enjoy the greatest success, and attain for her home its greatest efficiency.

There are, at least, seven helps we can adopt from the methods of business and professional men. They are: (1) definite hours of work, (2) systematic arrangement of work, (3) use of modern tools, (4) convenient arrangement of tools, (5) elimination of useless things, (6) keeping of accounts, and (7) use of up-to-date methods.

First, as to definite hours of work—most housekeepers agree on the desirability of definite hours but argue that such a system is impossible. The impossibility, however, lies in the mind of the housekeeper. She must realize that housekeeping is a never-ending series of tasks; that she can't "finish up this evening" or any other evening. She must increase the efficiency of her home by conserving her strength, and set for herself a definite stopping-place for the day. Such a plan once adopted will not be given up.

Of course, your question is: "How can it be done?" All the helps enumerated above are efficient in gaining the desired end. It isn't necessary to shirk, but only to use time- and labor-saving methods and devices. For instance, use a silver-polish that cleans by chemical action rather than by long continued friction. The silver is uninjured, is polished quite as satisfactorily, and the task consumes

[Continued on page 86]



ONE OF THE GREATEST OF MODERN DEVICES—  
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In every way an exceptionally pleasing toilet soap, the soothing, healing properties which it derives from Resinol Ointment help it to keep the complexion clear, and the hair rich and lustrous, as soaps which are merely pure and cleansing cannot be expected to do.

These same qualities make Resinol Soap excellent for baby's bath.

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TUBES  
WILL MEND IT

**You Can Have  
Beautiful  
Eyebrows and Lashes**

By applying "Lash-Brow-ine" nightly, it nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them strong, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty and increased attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-ine" is a guaranteed pure and harmless preparation especially made for eyebrows. Send 50¢ and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-ine" and our Maybell beauty booklet prepaid in plain cover. Beware of worthless imitations.

Maybell Laboratories, 4908-52 Indiana Avenue, Chicago

When answering ads, mention McCALL'S



## THE JUNIOR HOME RESERVES

[Continued from page 48]

The Fatherless Children of France,  
Room 741, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

We wish to adopt one of the little fatherless French children, and will pledge \$3.00 a month to take care of it. Will you send us a pledge card to sign?

We would like a little girl about \* \* \* years old. Can you send us the names of a few, so we may choose one?

Yours sincerely,  
Company \* \* \* Junior Home Reserves.  
By Captain \* \* \*

Then back will come a list of names and a pledge card, and all you have to do after that is to pick out your child, sign your pledge card, and send it with your postal money order back to Chicago. You will hear from your little French sister as soon as there has been time for a letter to get across the water and one to come back.

Now, how many of these 200,000 fatherless children are we going to take care of? Wouldn't it be wonderful if every group of Junior Home Reserves, and every loyal little Junior Home Reservist who doesn't belong to a group but is working away all by herself, could adopt one?

What Company will be the first to write in and say: "We will raise an adoption fund at once."

Here is something else we may do—and this doesn't require any money. As you know, thousands of Belgian and French families have been driven out of their homes by the terrifying war taking place in their towns. Little children have been separated from their parents, others have seen their parents die, and very many are cold and hungry. They need clothing badly, and you can help them. Old clothing cannot be sent abroad, but if you have a warm dress you have outgrown, or your mother has one which she does not mean

to wear again, it can be carefully ripped, brushed, then washed in warm, soapy water (do not rub soap on the material), well rinsed in water of the same temperature, covered with a cloth while still somewhat damp and pressed on the wrong side with a hot iron till entirely dry. This furnishes material from which simple little dresses can be cut for these homeless children. The younger groups of Junior Home Reserves cannot, of course, wash and press the ripped-up garments, but they can do the ripping, and no doubt some of the mothers will take charge of the washing and pressing. The materials can then be sent, parcel post, to "The Fatherless Children of France" at the address I have given, and they will see that the packages are delivered to the generous women who furnish clothing to the children of the frontier.

Companies which belong to Sections 12 to 16, may be able to cut out and make the little garments. Any pattern may be used, so long as it is extremely simple; the children are of all

ages. There is no soap to be had in France, so dark materials are preferred.

I prophesy that "ripping bees" will be exceedingly popular the coming month, and that many a neighbor's front doorbell will be rung by Junior Home Reserve members, to

ask for garments she will give away.

No used garments are permitted to be sent abroad, but these new garments made from old but strictly clean materials are allowed to go.

Here is a big and beautiful way to help. Years later, all over France, in every town and city there will be men and women into whom these adopted children have grown, all carrying in their hearts a warm love for America, because of what American children did for them. I shall be anxious to hear what you accomplish.



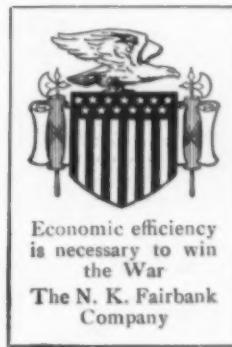
THESE FATHERLESS CHILDREN NEED GODMOTHERS  
—WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ONE?

# A simple lesson in dishwashing



# A

stands for Any  
water - hard or  
soft



Economic efficiency  
is necessary to win  
the War  
The N. K. Fairbank  
Company



# B

stands for Batch  
of dishes - no mat-  
ter how greasy.



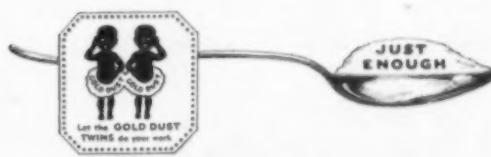
# C

stands for Correct  
amount of Gold  
Dust for a dish-  
pan of water

THOUSANDS of women with no  
time to waste over their dishpans  
now use Gold Dust—because it dissolves  
the grease so nicely.

They also use Gold Dust to clean—  
without scratching—the finest porcelain  
bathtubs and lavatories. Also, to keep  
the kitchen sink sweet and clean, because  
Gold Dust dissolves the grease, leaves no  
sediment to clog the drain and rinses out  
beautifully.

But, of course, they make sure it is  
really Gold Dust they use.



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

# GOLD DUST

*The Busy Cleaner*



"OUR physician advised us to give him Eskay's Food," writes the father of this bouncing kiddle—Charles Sylvan Schwarz—and you can see for yourself the happy result. Thousands of healthy youngsters owe their ruddy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits to the use of

### ESKAY'S Albumenized FOOD

We believe it will help your baby—and we want you to give it a fair trial.

So—just fill in the coupon and we will send you—*free*—enough Eskay's for 15 feedings, and our booklet.



#### FREE TRIAL COUPON

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO.  
476 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Send me large sample can of Eskay's Food and book, "How to Care for the Baby," both postpaid and without charge.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_



### HIPOLITE'S READY TO USE MARSHMALLOW CREME

The very same cake filling and frosting exclusive caterers use. Light, tender and short. Delicious beyond words. Packed in Mason jars and absolutely *ready-to-use*, without mixing or the addition of sugar, eggs or other ingredients. Economical.

An adventure in deliciousness when thinned with a little warm water and served with gelatine, tapioca, fruits, puddings or any dessert that requires a sauce. Costs less than ordinary cream and sugar!

If your grocer can't or won't supply you with "Hipolite's," write for *Free Recipe Book "G1"* of delightfully unusual cakes and desserts.

Hipolite Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

## BALANCED MEALS AT LOW COST

By LILIAN M. GUNN, Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THESE menus will help solve the difficulty of the housekeeper with a limited marketing budget. The marketing bills totaled five dollars and thirty-seven cents for the week for a family of five. It was assumed that potatoes, beets, parsnips, onions and cabbage were stored in the cellar from the back-yard garden. The cost of milk and eggs was not included.

The cost of these menus is based on prices in the New York market. By a careful comparison, made for me by a responsible, trained cook in an Illinois town, I know that in the Middle West these food prices average twenty per cent. lower.

#### SUNDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Baked Apples      Hominy  
Rye Bread      Toast

##### DINNER

Stuffed Beef Heart  
Baked Potatoes  
Scalloped Cabbage  
Apricot Gelatine  
Custard Sauce

##### SUPPER

Split-Pea Soup  
Croutons (from left-over bread)  
Molasses Cookies

#### MONDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Stewed Prunes  
Cornmeal Griddle Cakes  
with Corn Syrup  
Cornmeal Mush for children  
Coffee      Milk

##### DINNER

Vegetable Stew  
(Cabbage, Onion, Potato, Carrot with Dumplings)  
Lettuce with French Dressing  
Cream Tapioca

##### SUPPER

Cheese Toast  
Steamed Brown Bread      Tea

#### TUESDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Rice Cooked in Milk  
Stewed Dried Apricots  
Coffee      Toasted Brown Bread

##### DINNER

Creamed Codfish  
Fried Parsnips      Baked Potatoes  
Steamed Graham Pudding      Foamy Sauce

##### SUPPER

Stewed Kidney Beans with Tomato Sauce  
Buckwheat Biscuit      Tea

#### WEDNESDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Oatmeal

Scrambled Eggs

Corn Muffins

Coffee

##### DINNER

Cornmeal Scrapple  
Fried Apples  
Creamed Potatoes  
Baked Custard

##### SUPPER

Rye Bread      Cottage Cheese  
Stewed Prunes      Tea

#### THURSDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Barley with Raisins  
Toast

##### DINNER

Green-Pea Loaf  
Potatoes      Pickled Beets  
Ginger Bread

##### SUPPER

Corn Chowder  
Apple Jelly      Rye Popovers

#### FRIDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Oatmeal with Dates  
Toast

##### DINNER

Steamed Fish (Haddock)  
White Sauce with Egg  
Buttered Beets  
Boiled Potatoes  
Molasses Cookies

##### SUPPER

Scalloped Carrots  
Rye Muffins  
Milk

#### SATURDAY

##### BREAKFAST

Stewed Pears  
Creamed Graham Toast  
Coffee

##### DINNER

Turkish Pilaf (Rice and Meat)  
Baked Potatoes      Cold Slaw  
Floating Island

##### SUPPER

Egg Salad or Deviled Eggs  
Cooked Dressing  
Virginia Spoon Bread      Cocoa

#### RECIPES

CORNMEAL SCRAPPLE  
Shin of beef, part bone, 1½ pounds

Onion, 1 medium  
Cold water, 2 quarts  
Cornmeal, 1 cupful  
Salt, 1 teaspoonful  
Pepper, ½ teaspoonful

Cook onion, thinly sliced, in beef marrow or suet. Add to water with meat and bone and cook until meat is tender. Let cool, skim off fat, and remove bone. To liquid remaining, add enough water to make one quart. Add cornmeal and salt

[Concluded on page 63]



## BALANCED MEALS

[Continued from page 62]

and cook one hour. Turn into a mold, cool, cut in slices and sauté in fat.

### TURKISH PILAF

|                             |                        |
|-----------------------------|------------------------|
| Rice, 2 cupfuls (cooked)    | Salt, 1 teaspoonful    |
| Onion, 1 small              | Meat, 1 cupful cooked  |
| Tomatoes, 1 cupful (stewed) | pieces                 |
| Water, ½ cupful             | Pepper, ¼ teaspoonful  |
|                             | Fat, 1½ tablespoonfuls |

Cook ½ cupful well-washed rice in plenty of boiling salted water. Cut up onion, add tomatoes, seasoning and meat. Put fat into frying pan, add above mixture and rice and water. Cook ½ hour.

### GREEN-PEA LOAF

|  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| Cooked peas rubbed through sieve, 1½ cupfuls | Milk, 1½ cupfuls         |
| Bread crumbs, 1½ cupfuls                     | Egg, 1 slightly beaten   |
|  | Onion, 1 slice chopped   |
|  | Salt and pepper to taste |

Scald the milk, add the onion, bread crumbs, peas, and egg. Season to taste. Bake in greased baking-dish in moderate oven until firm. Beans, mashed carrots, fish, or corn may be used instead of peas.

## QUANTITIES OF MATERIAL

FOR PAGES 30, 31, 32, 33, 36, 37, 38, AND 39

[Continued from page 47]

8135—Size 36, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide (figured); 1½ yds. 40 ins. wide (plain); ¾ yd. 36 ins. wide.  
 8139—Size 36, 4½ yds. 45 ins. wide.  
 8153—Size 26, 2½ yds. 38 ins. wide.  
 8160—Bag, ¾ yd. 36 ins. wide.  
 8181—Size 26, 4½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8191-8218—Medium size, 5½ yds. 40 ins. wide; ½ yd. 40 ins. wide.  
 8191—Size 36, 2½ yds. 32 ins. wide; ½ yd. 40 ins. wide.  
 8197—Size 36, 2½ yds. 40 ins. wide; flouncing, 2½ yds. 16½ ins. wide.  
 8200—Size 36, 7/8 yd. 45 ins. wide.  
 8201—Medium size, 3½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
 8203—Medium size, 2 yds. 40 ins. wide; insertion, 5½ yds.; edging, 8½ yds.  
 8205—Size 36, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide; ½ yd. 40 ins. wide.  
 8207-8181—Medium size, 5 yds. 40 ins. wide; 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
 8207—Size 36, 1½ yds. 40 ins. wide; ½ yd. 36 ins. wide.  
 8213—Size 36, 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide; ¾ yd. 36 ins. wide.  
 8215—Size 26, 2½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8217—Size 36, 3½ yds. 54 ins. wide.  
 8218—Size 26, 3½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8220—Size 26, 2½ yds. 45 ins. wide.  
 8221—Size 36, 4½ yds. 36 ins. wide; ¼ yd. 27 ins. wide.  
 8222—Size 36, 4½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8223—Size 36, 3½ yds. 54 ins. wide; 1½ yds. 36 ins. wide.  
 8224-8153—Medium size, 5 yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8224—Size 36, 2½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8225—Size 36, 2½ yds. 40 ins. wide; 2 yds. 36 ins. wide.  
 8226—Size 36, 1½ yds. 40 ins. wide.  
 8227—Size 36, 2 yds. 54 ins. wide; ¾ yd. 27 ins. wide.



# 8 Meals Of Quaker Oats at the Cost of One Meal of Meat

The nutrition in a dish of Quaker Oats would cost as follows if served in form of meat:

**In Eggs—10 times as much**  
**In Round Steak—8 times as much**  
**In Whitefish—12 times as much**  
**In Chicken—20 times as much**

The usual mixed diet—bread, potatoes and meat—costs four times as much as Quaker Oats per unit of nutrition.

So Quaker Oats, used in place of meat, saves at least seven times its cost. Used in place of mixed diet, it saves three times its cost.

One egg costs as much as five dishes.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It supplies needed elements in just the right proportions. In units of energy it yields 1810 calories per pound. In flavor it stands supreme.

It is the food for growth, as every mother knows. It is the vim food with an age-old fame.

Serve in big dishes—make it the morning meal. Also mix Quaker Oats in your flour foods. They add delightful flavor, and they save our wheat.

# Quaker Oats

### *The Delightful Vim-Food*

You get the utmost in oat flavor when you get Quaker Oats. This brand is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, luscious oats.

All the little starved grains are dis-

carded. We get but 10 pounds of Quaker from a bushel of choice oats.

These superlative flakes cost you no extra price. It is due to yourself that you get them.

*12c and 30c per package in United States and Canada, except in Far West and South where high freights may prohibit*

### Quaker Oats Bread

|                                |                      |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked) | 1 cake yeast         |
| 2 teaspoons salt               | ½ cup lukewarm water |
| ½ cup sugar                    | 5 cups flour         |
| 2 cups boiling water           |                      |

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ½ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

|   |
|---|
| ½ cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar. |
|---|

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Sweetbits

|  |
|--|
| 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked). |
|--|

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

# FISH INSTEAD OF MEAT

By LILIAN M. GUNN, Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THE characteristics of good fresh fish are bright eyes, fresh-looking gills, firm flesh, and a good odor. Every housewife should know the odor of good fresh fish. In the winter much of the fish is frozen for transportation. When you are ready to cook it, thaw it in cold water and dry it. Never thaw fish until just before cooking. Keep fish away from other foods on account of the odor, which is not desirable in other things. A three-pound lard pail, which can be tightly covered, is fine for keeping fish in the ice box.

Fish lacks fat and flavor and these must be supplied by sauces and such accompaniments as cold slaw, pickles and sour beets. As for variety in cooking, it may be baked, boiled, creamed, sautéed, made into timbales, salads, soufflés, scallops, soups, chowders and hashes.

#### BAKED FISH

Select a fish weighing 3 to 4 pounds. Clean, dry and rub the inside with salt.

#### McCALL'S FOOD BUREAU IS YOURS—USE IT

If you have a food problem, if you want the recipe for any dish mentioned in McCall's, write Mrs. Gunn, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Mrs. Gunn is a practical cook, she has lived in the country and in the city, she will understand your problem.

Stuff and sew up. Grease a baking-sheet or rack, lay the fish on it, dredge with flour and put little pieces of fat on the fish and in the pan. Brown in a moderately hot oven, then reduce the temperature and bake about 45 minutes, basting often, putting a little hot water in the pan for this purpose after the fish is browned.

Garnish, as in the illustration, with slices of lemon dipped in finely chopped parsley. Arrange bunched parsley on platter. This makes a very attractive-looking and palatable dish for a meatless dinner.

| FISH STUFFING                  |                              |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1/4 cupful bread crumbs        | 1/4 cupful melted fat        |
| 1/2 cupful cracker crumbs      | 1 teaspoonful chopped pickle |
| 1/4 teaspoonful onion juice or | 1 teaspoonful chopped onion  |
|                                | Salt and pepper              |

Mix these ingredients well. If the mixture is not of packing consistency, add hot water.

| FISH TIMBALES                                  |                                 |
|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 cupful flaked fish, free from skin and bones | 1/2 cupful bread crumbs         |
| 1/4 to 1/2 cupful milk                         | 1 egg                           |
| 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice                     | 1/8 teaspoonful chopped parsley |
| 1/2 teaspoonful salt                           | 1/2 cupful green peas           |

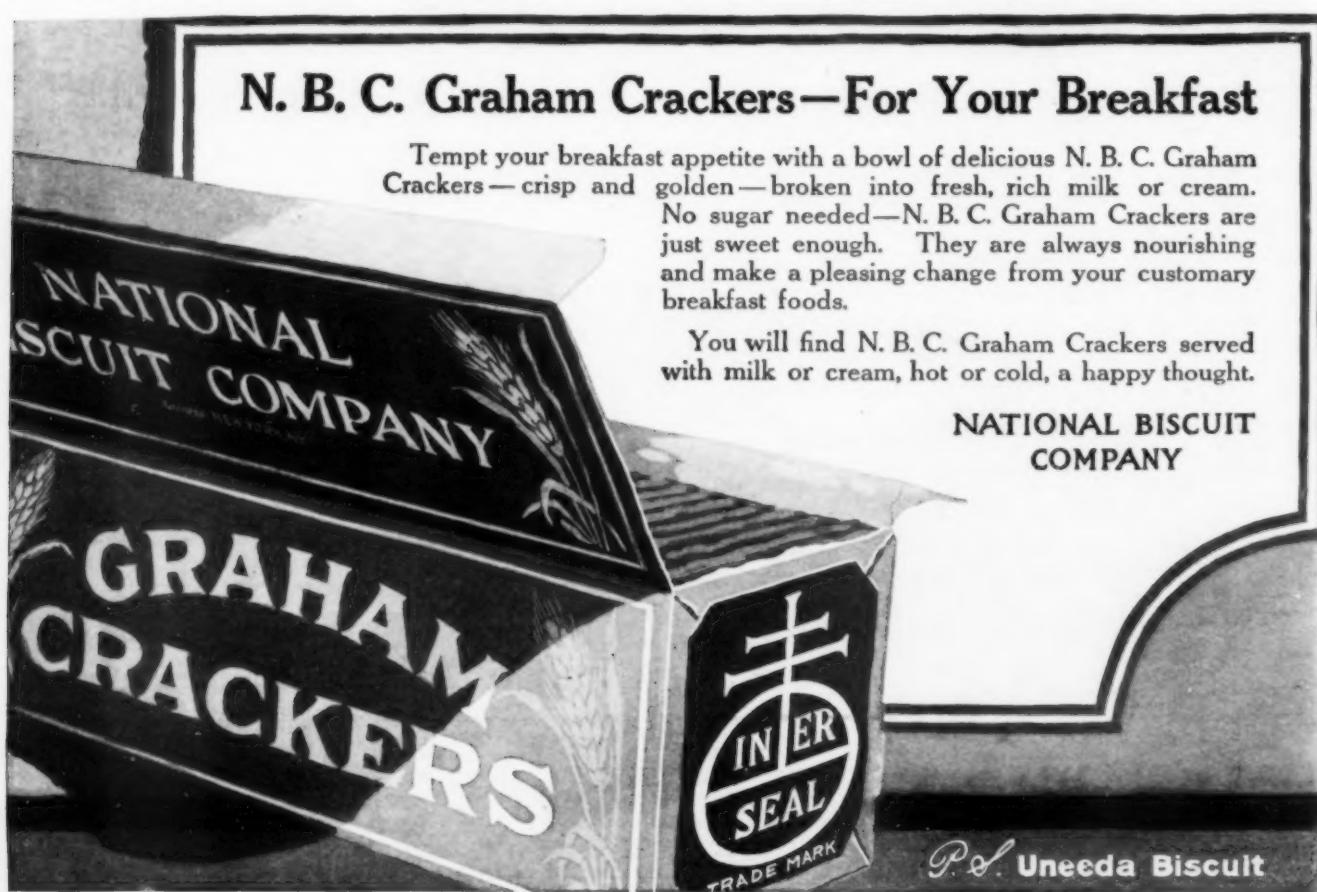
Salmon is particularly good for timbales, but any fish may be used. Mix all together, using enough milk to make packing consistency, grease timbale molds very thoroughly, pack in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven in a pan of hot water until firm. Turn out on hot platter; surround with a white sauce in which has been stirred 1/2 cupful green peas. Garnish.

## N. B. C. Graham Crackers—For Your Breakfast

Tempt your breakfast appetite with a bowl of delicious N. B. C. Graham Crackers—crisp and golden—broken into fresh, rich milk or cream. No sugar needed—N. B. C. Graham Crackers are just sweet enough. They are always nourishing and make a pleasing change from your customary breakfast foods.

You will find N. B. C. Graham Crackers served with milk or cream, hot or cold, a happy thought.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## OYSTER SALAD

1 pint oysters  
2 cupfuls celery cut in one-eighth-inch pieces  
1 green pepper or 1

canned pimiento cut in strips and then in little pieces  
Mayonnaise dressing

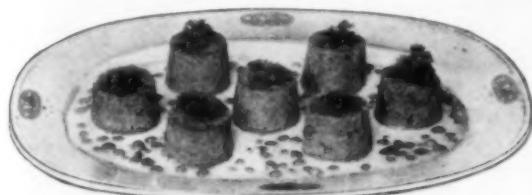
Wash and dry the oysters, cut in two pieces; mix with the celery and the mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves, and sprinkle the pepper over the salad.

## FISH CHOWDER

3 or 4 pounds fish  
1/2 inch cube of fat salt pork  
1 small onion

1 quart potato cubes  
2 teaspoonfuls salt  
1/2 teaspoonful pepper  
1 quart scalded milk

Have the fish skinned, cut the flesh from the bones and divide in two-inch pieces. Put the skin, tail, head and bones of the fish into a kettle and 1 quart water and bring to the boiling point; cook slowly one-half hour. Parboil the potato cubes 15 minutes, fry the sliced onion in the pork



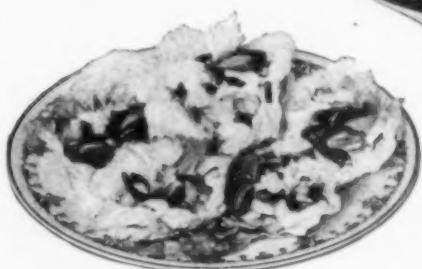
FISH TIMBALES

until brown, strain this fat into a clean kettle, put in the raw fish and potatoes, and strain the fish broth over them. Cook

until the potatoes are done, add the seasoning and scalded milk. Drop in about 20 common crackers, split in halves, if desired. This chowder is a good lenten dish, and can be used for luncheon or dinner.

## HALIBUT TURBANS

Halibut sliced about 1 inch thick. Make into turbans and skewer in place with greased wooden skewers. Dip in a mix-



OYSTER SALAD

ture made from the following ingredients:

|                       |                             |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1/2 cupful melted fat | 1 tablespoonful lemon juice |
| 1/2 teaspoonful salt  | 1/8 teaspoonful pepper      |

Place on a well-greased pan or rack and bake in a moderately hot oven for 15 minutes. Garnish with parsley. This is an especially attractive dish for a "company" luncheon on one of our meatless days.

## SAUTÉED SMOKED HERRING

1 1/2 pounds smoked herring  
1/2 cupful cornmeal or cracker crumbs  
1/2 cupful fat

Clean fish, and soak over night. Drain



BAKED FISH

and dry well. Cut into pieces for serving, roll in the crumbs or meal, and sauté in the fat.

## SCALLOPED CODFISH AND RICE

1/4 cupful rice  
1 cupful codfish  
1 tablespoonful fat  
1 tablespoonful flour  
1 cupful milk  
2 tablespoonfuls bread crumbs

Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Soak the codfish over night or put in cold water and bring to the boiling point. Drain and flake codfish. Make white sauce by melting the fat, adding flour, stirring until blended, and then adding milk. Stir until thickened. Spread rice and codfish and white sauce in layers in a greased baking-dish. Cover with crumbs and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. This recipe yields four servings if used for the main dish of the meal, or six servings if used for a side dish.

## A Nourishing Breakfast Food—N. B. C. Oatmeal Crackers

Try N. B. C. Oatmeal Crackers with hot milk as a breakfast food. Sugar is not required as the crackers are slightly sweetened. No fussing, no cooking, N. B. C. Oatmeal Crackers are always ready to eat. Serve them every other morning as a breakfast food. With milk, or half milk, half cream they are nutritious and extra appetizing. As a change from the foods regularly put before you at breakfast time, they are a delightful treat.

NATIONAL BISCUIT  
COMPANY

P. J. Uneeda Biscuit





WOMEN who consider that beauty is a duty have found one of their best assistants is

## CANTHROX SHAMPOO

because it is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt. Canthrox gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

### For Sale at All Druggists

It is about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

**Free Trial Offer**—To show the merits of Canthrox and prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of three (3) cents for postage.

**H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 209, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.**



**That Trim Figure Line**  
so essential to smart style is easily obtained by the use of

Prevents  
Gaping and  
Bulging

**Out-o-Syte**  
Press  
Stud  
**TAPE**

Won't Come  
Off or Pull  
Through

This special tape studded with invisible fasteners keeps waists, skirts, dresses and lingerie smooth and neat. Ideal for children's garments. Sold by the yard in black or white. Washable. Rustproof.

*At your dealer's—or send 10c and dealer's name for liberal sample; also samples of Out-o-Syte SEW-ON fasteners.*

**C. HOFFBAUER & CO., 258 Fifth Ave., Dept. L New York**

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

### FROM THE MOTHER OF MERLE D. HAY

*[Continued from page 24]*

sies cropping out to make them smile and say, "Now doesn't that sound just like her?"

In August, we sent him a box of smokes and candies, and, how he looked forward to getting that. He said in his letters the tobacco he was able to get was "poor stuff," and that they could buy no good candy, either. He did not get his box until October, but he said in two letters written October 14 and 16, "My, but it was good, Mother—send me more." My poor boy was buried the day before I got those letters, but what a comfort it was to know that he had gotten the goodies and had enjoyed them so! The morning we received the news of his death, I was preparing him a larger box for Christmas, and had he lived, I would have sent him a small package every week.

Our greatest consolation, now, is the thought that we never failed our boy. Nor did he fail me. He knew Mother would love and understand, and, knowing this, I feel that he wants me to be as brave as I can be, do my part by his brother and sister, and not be a slacker. Remember, dear mothers, our brave boys have no time for cowards and slackers. I feel as though Merle was saying to me, this very minute, "Come, Mother, buck up, we all must die and I have only gone on ahead of you a little; so be brave. In just a few days, or months, or years you can come, too." If my death could only be as noble as his! For we are told, "Greater love than this hath no man, that he give his life for his brother."

I have received letters from nearly every state in the Union, praising my boy, for which I would like to thank everyone personally. Do not think because my dear boy has ceased to be a part of the great army of the United States and the Allies, that I have lost interest. Not so. If possible, I am more interested than ever. I feel that the cause he died for must win, and I want to do my "bit" so that, when we meet, he cannot reproach me with being a "slacker." Yours for victory, in our dear boy's name.

### FROM THE MOTHER OF JAMES BETHEL GRESHAM

*[Continued from page 24]*

heroes. My son was brave; I, for his sake, will be brave and will hide my sorrow. I will hold up Old Glory and cry aloud, "Wave, Old Glory, wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!" Mothers, let us pray God-speed the day when there will be no Kaiser to fight, when peace will reign over all the world.



## THE UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

By ANNE GUILBERT MAHON

IDA had to miss her school entertainment because her cold was so bad. It was a terrible disappointment to the poor child. She cried all evening long and hasn't really got over the disappointment yet," confided Ida's mother, meeting a friend on the street.

"I had to keep Richard home, too," responded the other. "He, also, was inclined to take it hard at first, but the disappointment lasted only a moment, for I substituted something else. I always try to do that," she added, detecting her friend's quick interest. "I realize how sharp and keen children's disappointments are, and whenever I have to disappoint them or deprive them of anything, I try to substitute something else so pleasant that it will take their minds off the original disappointment."

Ida's mother looked surprised. "How do you mean?" she asked.

"In this instance, as soon as I had told Richard that it would not be possible for him to go to the entertainment, I added quickly, 'but we will have just as good a time at home. We'll have an entertainment all by ourselves. You and I will get it up to surprise father and grandmother.' Right away his eyes began to beam. If there is anything Richard loves, it is to get up a show of his own. He fell in with my plan at once. 'All right,' he said, 'I'll have a magic lantern show and I'll speak the piece I learned in school, and I'll dress up and we'll have some tableaux.' All afternoon, he was busy as could be getting his costumes ready, practising his part, and preparing for the evening. I told him, as if it were a special secret, that after the performance there would be refreshments, and that pleased him all the more. He made out the programs himself on his little typewriter. The evening was as happy as we could make it for him, and I don't think he even thought of the entertainment or what he had missed."

## KEEP AMERICA UNITED

THE East and the West, the North and the South are firmly bound together by the tie of common ideas and ideals. No agency in the country does more toward cementing this tie than the national magazines. The new Postal Law, passed by our last Congress, increases postage on them 50 to 900 per cent., and will force many of them out of existence unless the law is changed (see page 95).

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## IN THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS

[Continued from page 10]

As he looked at her, he felt that she had struggled a great deal. She was not a girl whom one could think of pitying, but, somehow, there was a sort of wistful lonesomeness in the brave face, and a touch of appeal in the self-reliant eyes.

"Surely," she said, resting her arms on the table, "you don't believe all this beauty, and all the brave, unselfish things people do, are merely for pay?"

"Most certainly!" he declared with dogged emphasis. "All that dream stuff we used to prattle about is bosh. We all work for pay and nothing else."

"Do you work that way?"

"Sure."

"Would you do anything to get a good price for the mine you want to sell?"

"Anything that would not put me in jail," he declared confidently.

She was silent for a time. The wind was balmy and filled with the fragrance of myriad blossoms. The Spanish troupe came out upon a balcony above, and, in voices full of the weird, fierce passion of these children of emotion, they sang of love for which one would die.

"I do love the desert," said the girl softly after the song. "I love its color, its line, its weird fierceness even, but I like this better—where there are gardens, fairies, and romance."

"Yes"—Curt breathed, still under the spell of the music—"I like this best."

As they arose from the table, the girl said: "Are you going into the cloister music-room to hear the organ?"

"No!" Curt took a savage grip on his straying emotions. "No, I don't care anything about that sort of thing."

"Good night, then. It is time for me to go. I sing to-night."

He went up to his room and started to pack his newly purchased grip, but quit before he was half through, and went to the desk and wrote a note to his partner:

Kelland—I came off down here to try to sell the mine. There are a lot of rich Easterners stopping here and I will stay on several days and see if I can't get a buyer lined up.—CURT.

Then, without conscious intention, he went down and drifted into the music-room. Two women in front were talking. Curt caught parts of the conversation.

"I'm so anxious to hear her"—"Lucky to get the place"—"She needs it." "So foolish not to have taken Gorley—worth two million"—"He still wants to marry her, they say"—"Sings with great feeling."

The organ began—the lights were out—and the moonlight came through the mission window and fell upon the organist's face and shoulders.

Through Curt's tired, lonely, famished heart, that music went like the healing touch of some minister of life. Deep and strong, the tones of the great organ min-

gled with her song, rolled out over the prayers and hopes of men and women.

As the song finished, Curt got up and almost staggered from the room, taking the first door to his right. It opened on the little narrow cloister walk, lined on both sides by paintings of the old missions, and the fathers who builded them.

Before one he stood and gazed a long time—not admitting that he was waiting with the hope she would come that way. The picture was of a padre in rough garb, toiling through the desert.

"He made those trips often—far down into Mexico." The girl had come down the cloister walk to his side. "And he did it for the Indians, not for pay!"

"Fool!" exploded Curt.

"Perhaps. But often those who work only for pay are far more foolish."

"Do you know"—he turned suddenly from the picture—"it seems to me I have heard you sing before?"

She laughed and a dimple came at the corner of her mouth. "You have!"

"Where?" He was looking at her intently, with puzzled lines in his face.

"That is not much of a compliment, is it? When did you go to church last?"

A bitter, black look came into his face. It was seven years ago. He had tried to forget that Sunday by cursing it. It was the last day he and Bess were together. They were to be married on Wednesday. Tuesday she eloped with the other man.

"Still"—understanding and sympathy were in her voice—"I don't blame you. You could see and hear only Bess that day. Poor boy! I felt for you—I knew then she was going to marry Carson."

"You did?" The tone was surprised, accusing.

She nodded, and her lips trembled.

"You see, before Bess went to Clayton to work in the drug store, she stayed with my mother at Ellery. I saw much of her on my vacations. She used to talk a great deal about you; tell me things you used to say—about the clover and the trees." She paused and looked up shyly, slyly from the corner of her eyes.

"They were silly things." He turned his head to hide his burning embarrassment. "They were rotten slush."

"No," she said in that smooth, clear tone of conviction, "they were fanciful, whimsical—beautiful."

She started on and he followed down the narrow passage, and on out into the Court of the Birds. They stood side by side a moment without speaking. Somehow, the desert seemed to Curt millions of miles away. Flattery may feed the vanity and stir the passions; but only sincere appreciation, like a tender touch, can ease the soreness of an old, old hurt.

[Continued on page 80]

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## The Butler Serves and the Housewife Too

The charm of the Jell-O dessert is felt in every home, and it costs only ten cents.

Did a butler's face ever betray satisfaction more plainly than that of him who brings on the big Jell-O dessert made by his "steady" the cook? And is there a young housekeeper who hasn't experienced the pleasure of making one just as good and serving it with her own hands?

The desserts in the two pictures are equally simple, only the one above, of Cherry Jell-O, has its more expensive trimmings of whipped cream and strawberries.

The young mother in the picture below has added sliced oranges to her beautiful dish of Orange Jell-O. For a change occasionally, instead of using expensive whipped cream, she whips the Jell-O with an egg-beater just as she used to whip cream before it cost so much.

These are the delightful pure fruit flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Any woman can make a dozen or more varieties from each of the flavors.

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The 1918 Jell-O Book tells about the latest things in Jell-O desserts and salads. It is a beautiful book, full of good things, and will be sent free to any woman who will send us her name and address.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,  
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# MENUS AND TESTED RECIPES

## DELICIOUS DISHES FROM CANNED AND DRIED FOODS

By LILIAN M. GUNN, Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Approved by the United States Food Administration

THE housewife who followed the Food Administration's suggestions to can, preserve and dry fruits and vegetables, now looks with pride on the rows of neatly labeled cans. The variety that fresh fruits and vegetables give to the diet in winter is reward enough for the labor spent. Other housekeepers are determined not to be caught another year without such a supply. They will be eager followers of this department's coming program for canning and drying.

In these March menus and recipes, sugar and wheat have been reduced to a minimum; fish dishes play a conspicuous part in the saving of meat. Emphasis is put on canned and dried products.

### VEGETABLE BOUILLON

(Dried vegetables were used. Fresh vegetables may be used, increasing the quantity.)

|                                 |                                |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoonsfuls dried celery  | 1 teaspoonful dried turnip     |
| 2 tablespoonsfuls dried onion   | 1 teaspoonful dried cabbage    |
| 1½ tablespoonsfuls dried tomato | 1 tablespoonful dried potato   |
| 1 teaspoonful dried parsley     | 3 cloves                       |
| 1 pepper                        | 2 bay leaves                   |
| 1 teaspoonful carrot            | ½ teaspoonful dried lemon rind |

Tie the dried vegetables in a bag, allow room to swell; soak 4 hours in 1 quart water. Bring very slowly to the boiling point. Salt to taste, add more water if too strong. Serve with a slice of lemon in each serving.

### CORN BALLS

|                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 cupful dried corn, ground | 2 tablespoonsfuls fat |
| very fine                   | Salt and pepper       |
| ½ cupful milk               |                       |

Soak together two hours. Then cook in a double boiler for one hour. Add two tablespoonfuls fat, salt and pepper to taste. Form into balls, egg and crumb, dip in melted fat and brown in the oven, or sauté in a frying-pan.

### MAPLE SUGAR GELATINE

|  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1 pint maple sugar                           | tablespoonfuls cold water |
| 1 tablespoonful gelatine, softened in 2 eggs |                           |

THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE SHOWS CORN DRIED ON THE EAR AND OFF. THREE PLATES CONTAIN DRIED CORN IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF GRINDING. THE PLATE TO THE EXTREME LEFT CONTAINS CORN BALLS MADE FROM THIS GROUND CORN. THE POUND CORN CAKE IS TO THE EXTREME RIGHT. MRS. JOSEPHUS DANIELS SERVED THIS CAKE AT HER DEHYDRATED LUNCHEON

Boil together for 15 minutes, cool. When like thick cream, beat the whites of three eggs until stiff, beat the gelatine mixture into the whites. Pour into molds and let harden.

### DRIED APRICOT GELATINE

|  |                              |
|--|------------------------------|
| ½ pound dried apricots                                     | 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice |
| 2 cupfuls boiling water                                    | ¾ cupful corn syrup          |
| 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine, softened in ½ cupful cold water |                              |

Soak apricots over night, cook in same water until soft. Pour the boiling water over the softened gelatine; add the sugar; then the lemon juice. Strain. Add 1½ cupfuls apricot pulp. When partly hardened, beat with a Dover egg-beater until fluffy, mold and let harden. Canned apricots may be used, using the juice hot instead of boiling water.

### PEANUT FONDUE

|                            |                       |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 cupful peanuts (shelled) | 1 2/3 cupfuls milk    |
| 1 cupful soft bread crumbs | 1 egg                 |
|                            | 1 ½ teaspoonfuls salt |
|                            | Speck cayenne         |

Grind the peanuts in a meat-grinder. Mix all ingredients except the white of the egg. Beat egg-white stiff and fold into

Cream the fat, add the sugar slowly. Beat the yolk of the egg and add to the sugar and fat. Sift the flour, cornmeal and baking powder together; add to the first mixture alternately with the milk. Flavor. Bake in small deep tin.

### WALNUT LOAF

|  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| 1 cupful nuts  | 2/3 cupful milk      |
| 1 cupful bread crumbs                                  | 2 tablespoonfuls fat |
| or 4 tablespoonfuls rice uncooked (or 1 cupful cooked) | 1 egg                |
|  | Seasoning            |

Chop the nuts fine, melt the fat, mix all the ingredients, and pack in a well-greased mold; bake in a moderate oven.

### POTATO SOUFFLÉ

|                            |                                |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls hot riced potato | 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese |
| 1 ½ cupfuls hot milk       | ½ teaspoonful salt             |
| 1 tablespoonful fat        |                                |

Place potatoes in a baking-dish; pour over them the hot milk in which the salt has been dissolved. Sprinkle the cheese over the top, and dot on the fat cut in small pieces. Bake until the milk is absorbed and the top brown.

### SCALLOPED APPLES

|   |                             |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls bread crumbs (or part cracker crumbs) | ¾ cupful brown sugar        |
| ¼ cupful fat                                    | ¼ teaspoonful cinnamon      |
| 4 cupfuls sliced apples                         | 1 tablespoonful lemon juice |

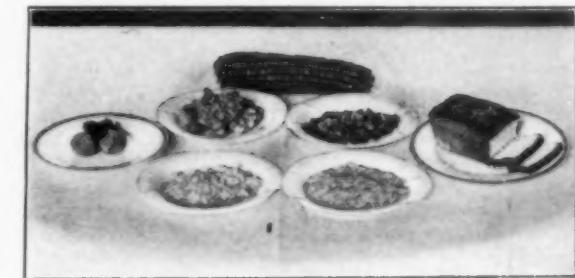
Melt the fat and stir in the crumbs. Mix the spice with the sugar. Put in a well-greased baking-dish alternate layers of apple sprinkled with the sugar and crumbs. Sprinkle on the lemon juice and bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes, or until the apples are soft.

### RYE POPOVERS

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| ½ cupful wheat flour | 1 cupful milk        |
| ½ cupful rye         | ½ tablespoonful salt |

Beat the egg, add the milk, and beat. Sift the salt with the flour, add the rye

[Concluded on page 72]



### CORN POUND CAKE

|                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| ½ cupful brown sugar | ½ teaspoonful baking powder |
| ½ cupful fat         | ½ cupful white flour        |
| ½ cupful cornmeal    | Flavoring                   |
| ½ cupful milk        |                             |
| 1 egg                |                             |



THE LOWER ILLUSTRATION IS A UNIQUE ONE. IT SHOWS THE FRESH AND DRIED VEGETABLES USED IN THE BOUILLON (SEE RECIPE). THE FRESH AND DRIED TOMATO, CELERY, CABBAGE, LEMON, ETC., GIVE A CLEAR IDEA OF THE COMPARATIVELY SMALL SPACE REQUIRED IN STORING DEHYDRATED PRODUCTS. REMEMBER THIS IN YOUR SUMMER FOOD PLANS



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## MENUS AND TESTED RECIPES

[Continued from page 71]

and flour sifted together. Pour into hot, well-greased popover cups and bake in a hot oven for 19 minutes; lower the temperature and bake 35 minutes longer. Remove at once from the cups.

### DROP SPICED COOKIES

|                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2 1/4 cupfuls flour          | 1 cupful raisins, seeded  |
| 3/4 teaspoonful cinnamon     | and cut into small pieces |
| 3/4 teaspoonful cloves       | 1/2 teaspoonful salt      |
| 3/4 teaspoonful nutmeg       | 3/4 cupful corn syrup     |
| 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder | 5 tablespoonfuls fat      |
|                              | 1 egg                     |
|                              | 2 tablespoonfuls water    |

Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt and spices. Add chopped raisins.

Melt the fat, add syrup, water, and egg well beaten. Add this liquid mixture gradually to the dry ingredients. Stir well. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking-sheet; bake in a moderate oven for twelve to fourteen minutes.

### BUCKWHEAT BISCUIT

|                              |                      |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 cupful buckwheat           | 5/8 cupful milk      |
| 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder | 1 tablespoonful fat  |
|                              | 1/2 teaspoonful salt |

Sift the salt and baking powder with the flour. Cut in the fat, add the milk. Drop by tablespoonfuls into greased muffin tins. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven.

## A WEEK'S MENUS

### SUNDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Tokay Grapes

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Corn Flakes      | Soft Cooked Eggs |
| Orange Marmalade | Corn Muffins     |
|                  | Coffee           |

#### DINNER

#### Vegetable Bouillon

#### Boiled Fowl

|                      |                       |
|----------------------|-----------------------|
| Brussels Sprouts     | Mashed Brown Potatoes |
| Chicory Salad        | French Dressing       |
| Maple-Sugar Gelatine |                       |
| Custard Sauce        | Coffee                |

#### SUPPER

|                        |                             |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Canned Pineapple Salad | Cream Cheese Balls          |
| Ginger Snaps           | Emergency Biscuit (1/2 Rye) |
|                        | Tea                         |

### MONDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Peaches (canned)

|                    |             |
|--------------------|-------------|
| Creamed Dried Beef | Johnny Cake |
|                    | Coffee      |

#### LUNCHEON

#### Chicken Soup with Sago

#### Steamed Brown Bread

#### Plum Preserves

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Hashed Brown Chicken | Baked Sweet Potatoes |
| Cauliflower (canned) | Pickles              |
| Dutch Apple-Cake     | Grape Jelly Sauce    |

#### DINNER

#### Fruit Salad (canned pears and raisins)

#### Cocoa

#### Popovers (1/2 rye)

#### Ginger Snaps

|                |                   |                |
|----------------|-------------------|----------------|
| Baked Fish     | Hollandaise Sauce | Riced Potatoes |
| Fried Parsnips |                   | Cold Slaw      |
|                | Apricot Sponge    |                |

### WEDNESDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Dried-Apple Sauce

#### Fish Hash

#### Rhubarb Marmalade

#### DINNER

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| LUNCHEON         | Corn Muffins     |
| Scalloped Celery | Preserved Quince |
|                  | Tea              |

### DINNER

|                          |                  |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| Fricassee Rabbit         | Stuffed Potatoes |
| Buttered Carrots         | Sweet Pickle     |
| Steamed Molasses Pudding | Lemon Sauce      |

### THURSDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Grape Fruit

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| Broiled Liver | Creamed Potatoes |
| Rye Muffins   | Coffee           |

### LUNCHEON

|                |                        |
|----------------|------------------------|
| Rabbit Salad   | Cornmeal Cheese Wafers |
| Currrant Jelly | Tea                    |

### DINNER

|                                  |                   |
|----------------------------------|-------------------|
| Stuffed Rolled Flank of Beef     |                   |
| Glazed Sweet Potatoes (molasses) |                   |
| Scalloped Cabbage                |                   |
| Grape Ice                        | Oatmeal Macaroons |

### FRIDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Baked Apple

|                         |        |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Codfish Balls (sautéed) |        |
| Buckwheat Biscuit       | Coffee |

### LUNCHEON

|                    |                        |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| Peanut Fondue      | Preserved Strawberries |
| Lettuce Sandwiches |                        |

### DINNER

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Fish Turbans (halibut)                        | Egg Sauce |
| Potato Soufflé                                | Peas      |
| Pickled Beets                                 |           |
| Fruit Short Cake (canned fruit; crust of rye) |           |

### SATURDAY

#### BREAKFAST

#### Oranges

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| Bread Crumb Griddle Cakes | Maple Syrup |
| Toast                     | Coffee      |

### LUNCHEON

|                               |            |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| Fish Chowder (cod or haddock) |            |
| Romaine or Lettuce Salad      | Corn Balls |
| Jelly Sandwiches              |            |

### DINNER

|                       |                          |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Walnut Loaf           | White Sauce with Parsley |
| String Beans (canned) | Scalloped Apples         |
| Orange Jelly          | Marshmallow Sauce        |
|                       | Corn Pound Cake          |



## IN STORIES AND IMITATIONS

[Continued from page 22]

laughter, and, in the course of the evening, it dawned on me that George Wainwright was making fun of me and Jake. I wanted to hand him something, but refrained.

And Josephine. Wait till I tell you about her. She sat there and didn't eat very heartily. Jake was across the table from her, and, from the minute he sat down, she fastened her sick eyes on his face and never moved them. She just ate that big husky up with her eyes. I suppose it was because he looks so brown and strong and large. After dinner, she sat beside him on a sofa and asked him questions about Arizona. I heard part of the talk. She was wistful, and Jake's answers were mostly lies, but entertaining ones.

Late in the evening, there was a small dance. Jake didn't dance. Neither did I, because, while I'm a fair dancer in my own sphere, still I felt uneasy about taking one of these fragile, lacy easterners in my arms. They looked as if they might break.

The phonograph kept on playing, and Jake continued to sit beside Josephine Wainwright; and there being nothing much for me to do but look around, I observed the sick little girl and her manner with my rough and uncouth friend. She was looking up into Jake's face asking him whether there were any houses in Arizona, and smiling every time he answered. Jake was being so polite and genteel that his face was getting red. He was making one big hit with the pale lady, and I was glad of it, although nobody seemed to pay much attention to me, except Florence, who was just what you'd call genially polite and attentive.

Finally, we started home. "Did you enjoy your bust into society?" I demanded of Jake, in the motor cab.

"I did," said Jake. "I had a great time. That's a fine little girl—that Josephine."

"She seemed right interested in you," I admitted.

"Yeh. She asked me a million questions. You notice how she was laughing? I never told a lone girl so many lies in my life. She wanted to know were all the men in Arizona as big as me and I said most of them were bigger."

On Tuesday morning, there was a telephone message before we finished shaving, and Jake answered it. He kept saying "Yes," and "All right," till I thought somebody was offering him money. When he quit, he spoke to me.

"Well," he said, "we're going on an automobile ride this morning with Josephine and Florence and their ma."

"We are, are we?" I demanded, paus-

[Continued on page 74]



## Sunday Is Puffed Grain Day

### Why So?

In a million homes  
Sunday seems to be  
the chief day for  
Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. So all of  
our evidence indicates.

Can you understand why that is so?

That is partly due to Sunday suppers—these bubble-like grains in milk. Then a great many people think of Puffed Grains as dainties, too good for every day.

### That's a Great Mistake

Of course, Puffed Grains are dainties. They are light and airy, thin and flaky, with a fascinating taste. They are the food confections. But they are also more than that.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole-grain foods, with the grains puffed to eight times normal size.

They are scientific foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson—a famous dietitian.

They are the only grain foods so prepared that every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete, so that every atom feeds.

It's a great mistake to serve such foods infrequently. There are three kinds, so you get a variety. They make the ideal breakfast dish. Mixed with fruit they form a delightful blend. In bowls of milk they are flavorful, toasted bubbles, four times as porous as bread.

Salted or buttered, like peanuts or popcorn, they are perfect between-meal tidbits. In candy making they are better than nut meats. They are flaky, toasted wafers for soups.

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## IN STORIES AND IMITATIONS

[Continued from page 73]

ing and speaking through a layer of lather. "You know we came to New York to ship horses, don't you?"

"We can do that later," Jake answered. "I wouldn't disappoint these people for the world, and they seem set on having us."

"Having you, you mean. I'm just dragged in because I know you."

Anyway, that's how we spent the morning—riding around New York in a mother-of-pearl limousine that must have cost twelve thousand dollars. Josephine sat beside Jake, talked to him, looked at him, and smiled only when he spoke.

Wednesday afternoon we had tea with the Wainwrights. Thursday we went somewhere else, and I violate no secrets when I state that the Arizona horse business went right on the fritz, so far as Jake and I were concerned. You'd think that all we ever came to the East for was to call on the Wainwrights. I protested, but Jake wouldn't listen to me.

"All right," I said gloomily, "and when you get back in Arizona, you won't have any more job than a homeless rabbit. If you think the Boss is going to stand for this, you're all wrong."

So it went. Whenever anyone wanted Jake, he had to first find out where Florence and Josephine Wainwright were. Now and then I escaped duty, but that family certainly did take a firm liking to my large and sunburned pal.

One night I was sitting on a couch, talking to Florence, while on the other side of the room, Jake and Josephine were going through their usual evening performance. I wondered, for a time, whether I'd have the nerve to say what I was thinking, and then I said it.

"Listen," I said to Florence, "I don't know whether you see what I see or not."

She smiled a question at me.

"Over there," I said, nodding. "To me it looks as if something has happened to that little sister of yours. Of course, it is sort of foolish to think of it, but evidence is evidence."

"Meaning?" asked Florence.

"That Josephine has kind of fallen in love with Jake," I went on, being ready for a cold and frigid stare.

Florence turned and looked, but she neither smiled nor froze me with a haughty gaze.

"Yes," she said quietly. "It is so. And I am glad it is so. We are all glad—Father and Mother, too."

I looked at her in astonishment. "You know what Jake is," I said, not meaning to knock Jake at all. "They tell me your old—your father is worth more money than a fast counter can count in a year. Jake gets about forty-four dollars a month and buys his own clothes. Where's the

[Continued on page 78.]

## These Club Feet Made Straight in Four Months



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Medicated Ear Drum  
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\$20 for the next best.

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Contributions must be received on or before March 25, 1918, and should be addressed to the Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Prizes will be awarded and announced in the magazine as soon thereafter as careful consideration of the manuscripts permits.

Write on one side of the paper only, and not in pencil. If you win a prize, we reserve the right to use your contribution in the magazine in whatever way seems to give most help to our readers. In any case, we will omit your name if you request us to do so. No manuscripts can be returned.

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C84. Chic, up-to-the-minute Frock of good quality Taffeta. The model is unusually attractive, although it is cut on very simple lines—but that is the tendency of the Spring models. Waist is made over a lining to which the sleeves are attached. The full blouse front fastens at one side, and the large collar of messaline in contrasting shade adds a very jaunty touch. The full-gathered skirt flares prettily and is finished with a broad belt. Gathered pouch pockets trimmed with tassel and band of contrasting color to match collar and cuff. Colors: Black, Navy, Copenhagen, or Green. Sizes: 32 to 44 in. bust; Misses', 14 to 20 years. Postpaid.

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No. 1 has steel frame, washable duck basket. No. 2 has fold ing steel rock white enameled frame snow white washable duck basket.

Either swing may be hung anywhere, will not fall out, and every move of body rocks swing and amuses him. Given baby exercise, keeps him off floor. Both swing and basket are washable.

We ship anywhere in U. S., postpaid. Send cash or money order. On foreign orders enclose 10c extra postage. Send 10c extra for Swing No. 2, and 25c extra for basket. Money back if not satisfied.

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## HELPS FOR THE COUNTRY BABY

By LUCY B. JEROME

MRS. MARTIN lives in the country. She is the mother of five children, and her youngest is six months old. She is too far from the department store, the bargain counter, and the baby specialty shop to buy the things she needs for the baby. Therefore, she has been obliged to resort to her own ingenuity to procure them.

The cottage where she lives is a small one, and every inch of closet-, bureau-, and shelf-space is required to store the older children's clothes. Baby's little garments had to be piled on top of bureau and chiffonier until his resourceful mother found time to pay a visit to the neighborhood grocer, and return with an empty wicker basket. It had a cover, was light and flexible, and plenty large enough for the baby's little undergarments and frocks. The largest problem disposed of, Mrs. Martin turned her attention to the next.

She asked the grocer, who was very obliging, to save her all the empty endive celery boxes he did not want. These boxes are white, dainty, and easily carried from room to room. The baby's little socks and shoes went into these original receptacles which had covers, so that no dust could settle on the inside. Later, when Mrs. Martin discovered that the village storekeeper was about to throw away some empty pasteboard boxes of different sizes, she procured them from him, took them home, and had her eldest boy construct a framework with compartments into which the boxes exactly fitted. The boxes could then be pulled in and out like the drawers of a bureau, and the problem of space for the baby's things was solved.

The baby is a lively, sturdy youngster, and his crib mattress which had been in use some time, showed signs of hard wear. Also, his crib blankets seemed worn, and on the point of giving out. Mrs. Martin considered this question for a few days, and was still thinking it over, when a neighbor happened in with a suggestion.

"Why don't you lay in a good supply of cotton bats," she asked, "and make a mattress that will do for summer wear?"

Mrs. Martin did so. She had not thought of the cotton bats before, but she knew what to do with them, and she went to work this way. When the bats came, she made layer after layer of them, until she had a rough mattress about six inches thick and weighing six pounds. This, of course, was rather disappointing in its rough condition, so she covered it with a good quality of unbleached muslin, and tufted it with pink baby ribbon. She was very careful to make the mattress larger than it needed to be for the crib, for she knew that tufting takes up a good part of the material, and the result was that the mattress exactly fitted the crib. Then she took a pair of half-worn bed blankets, and cut them down to crib size, carefully avoiding the thin parts, and covered them with tufted silk. The two articles made a satisfactory summer outfit for the baby's crib, and problem number two was solved.

Another baby need was a sewing basket in which his mending and sewing could be kept. In this emergency, she thought again of the grocer. Looking about his store to see what she could find, she spied an empty twenty-five-pound cheese box, quite deep enough to hold several articles, and with the added advantage of having a cover with a two-inch rim. The grocer gave her the box, and the first thing she did was to paint both box and cover white. Then she sent the other children to scour the yard and meadow for wooden sticks, of the right size and strength for legs, and got the oldest boy to even them off, and paint them white. Then these home-made legs were fastened to the box in cross-legged fashion, the cover inserted between them about half-way down. The box made an ideal work-stand, and the rim around the bottom section prevented spools, thimbles, scissors, etc., from falling out.

The minor needs of the baby seemed endless, but before the summer had really passed, Mrs. Martin had devised a multitude of little things which added ma-



AN INGENIOUSLY-FURNISHED NURSERY

[Concluded on page 77]



## HELPS FOR THE COUNTRY BABY

[Continued from page 76]

terially both to his comfort and to hers. When he developed a bad cold and she looked for his little hot-water bottle to put at his feet at night, she found it had sprung a leak and the water ran out as fast as it went in. To replace this, she made a small bag, about the size of a bean bag, of heavy ticking, filled it with sand obtained from the yard, and put it in the oven to heat when needed. As sand retains heat for a long while, the bag proved a satisfactory substitute.

It was not until after the arrival of the second Martin baby that his mother found it was not economy to cut down her children's long clothes. She saw that long clothes, when cut down, soon grew too tight in neck and sleeves, and did not give full value as they wore out very soon. In buying her baby outfits also, she learned that the best way to buy the smaller things, such as bibs, socks, and crocheted shoes, was to buy them by the dozen. Plain wadded bibs bought by the dozen, cost three cents apiece; bought singly, or in pairs, they run from eighteen to twenty-five cents. Crib sheets and towels for the baby's special use, if bought in lots of twelve, last longer because they can be used in rotation, thus avoiding using the same ones too often.

Again, Mrs. Martin didn't like to stoop over a tin bathtub placed on a chair to give her baby his bath; so she got the village carpenter to make her a sort of wooden foundation by nailing several bed slats together, fastened at each end with a cleat. It was made so that when placed over the large bathtub, the foundation exactly fitted its edges. On this the baby's little tin bathtub was placed, and no stooping was necessary. Having no rubber apron to protect herself from the baby's splashing, Mrs. Martin bought several yards of rough Turkish toweling which she converted into an ample apron. Compelled to take the baby hurriedly into another room one day, she quickly wrapped him in her apron's folds and found it a full protection. She now uses it as a towel to dry him with after his bath. Out of a finger-bowl she made a useful powder box, and tied a big piece of absorbent cotton into a puff.

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UNITED STATES WAR  
SAVING STAMPS  
Help Win the War



## There Are No "Ill Winds" For Babies That Wear the Rubens

LITTLE folks revel in the bluster of windy March if you give them the protection of the Rubens. Double-lapped in front over chest and stomach—fitting little bodies snugly—baby is insured warmth and comfort by

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Dept. 59. Cincinnati, Ohio

**25¢**

### IN STORIES AND IMITATIONS

[Continued from page 74]

sense, considering the difference in education, breeding, manner of living, and financial equipment?"

"The sense is this," Florence explained gravely. "For the first time in two years, Josephine desires to live. For the first time in two years, she is interested. She is feeling the first touch of anything joyous. She is more seriously ill than you think, perhaps, and if Mr. Jeffries, by just being near her, stirs her out of herself, isn't there sense in that?"

"Yeh," I said suddenly, and looking at it for the first time in a new way.

"The doctors have told Father and Mother the truth. Josephine seems happy. That is enough."

That night, back in our hotel, I entered into discourse with Jake.

"You got another job, besides the horses," I began.

"What?" he asked.

"That little Josephine girl up at the Wainwrights'," I went on. "You like her, don't you?"

"Sure I do," he said heartily.

"And you're going to pretend to like her even more than you do," I said. "In other words, it's up to you to be Josephine's sweetheart for some indefinite time. You got to explain to her about Arizona, and tell her about a big house you're building out there on the mesa, which is going to take a long, long time to build, and how would she like to be engaged to you until the big house is all finished and furnished with lovely western things. Then you're coming East to get her and take her out there, where the breezes can cool her cheeks."

"You been down in the bar," Jake said.

"I'm telling you what you've got to do," I repeated, and, before I got through talking, Jake saw what I meant. Naturally, he agreed.

"It's funny, isn't it," he said finally, "me talking that way to a slip of a girl, and her old man worth enough dough to buy the entire State of Arizona? I never thought much about being engaged to a millionaire girl when I left Springbolt."

In the days that passed, Jake followed orders like a gentleman, and Josephine's eyes shone brighter than ever when he leaned above her and told her about that big wooden house he was building.

I overheard some fugitive parts of their conversation and I don't call it eavesdropping, either, seeing I started it.

"And when it's all done and ready, then I can come back for you, can't I?" he asked.

"Will it take long?" Josephine asked, very low.

"Oh, not so long, I guess," said Jake. "But it's hard to get lumber in Arizona.

[Continued on page 79]

**DEAF?**

**"I  
Now  
Hear  
Clearly"**

**You, Too, Can Hear!**

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Are YOU doing all you can to help win the war?



## IN STORIES AND IMITATIONS

[Continued from page 78]

You'd be surprised. But I'll hurry those men along as fast as I can."

That was the night he kissed her. He took her in his big arms—she might have been a baby—and she clung tight to him, although there wasn't much strength to her small body.

Then we went West—Jake and I. They gave us a dinner at the Wainwrights. That was a serious dinner, if there ever was one. Josephine's father and mother knew, of course, all about it. So did George Wainwright; and, if he smiled once during that meal, I didn't notice it.

I didn't see the parting ceremonies between Jake and Josephine, and why would I? It was their own little affair, but Josephine's eyes were misty with tears and her cheeks were more flushed than usual. Jake promised to write—often. Florence shook my hand and said nothing. Her father and mother came part way out into the hall and said the same thing over and over, which was that there was no way in the world of thanking us—by which they meant thanking Jake. That night we boarded the western express, and Arizona lay somewhere ahead.

Jake wrote often, after we landed at home. Sure, he wrote often. I'd have killed him, if he hadn't. One day he came to me down at the corral, with an opened letter in his hand, not from Josephine, but from Florence.

"Well," he said, "here it is."

I knew what he meant the minute he said it.

"She just closed her eyes one night and didn't open them," Jake said, trying desperately to keep a certain note out of his voice.

"Well, you did a good job," I said. "I'm proud of you. I'll forgive you for a good many things, past and future."

"You shut up," Jake said, this being his manner of shaking, maybe, something out of his eyes. "You're a pie-eyed mutt. Why couldn't it have been the other one that liked me so much, hey?"

"You mean Florence?" I demanded.

"Certainly," he said.

"Well, you ignorant, uneducated, rough-neck! Do you suppose for one minute—do you think—"

"Say it," he snorted.

"The only reason that little girl ever got fond of you in the first place was because she was a sick girl. If she was well and strong, d'y' suppose she'd even look at an overgrown prairie pup like you?"

"Is that so?" said Jake. "Is that so? Well, I'd like to know what chance have you got of ever having such a sweetheart."

"No chance at all," I admitted. "No chance at all."

Then Jake put the letter in his pocket and we silently went back to work.

Send Today For The WANAMAKER

## Win-The-War Fashion Catalog

Spring and Summer, 1918

THESE are surely the times, if ever, for you to pioneer in buying and in saving, and to try every road that seems to lead to that saving and that better satisfaction. If we can save your money for the many new and splendid uses which in these war-times call so clearly to every American, we are doing a service.

You are trying to avoid waste in buying food, waste in cooking it, and waste in eating it. And now the Wanamaker stores stand ready to help you to

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## Crepe de Chine \$17.50 Dress . . . .

11 SDD—War-time simplicity is indeed expressed in this lovely dress of good quality crepe de chine, and this very simplicity makes it unusually attractive. A very broad bias band of white satin forms the soft rolling collar and continues down the front, as illustrated, crossing at the waistline through a knot of the satin and fastening each side under a button-trimmed belt of the crepe de chine. The surplice vestee is of flesh pink georgette crepe. The sleeves are gathered ever so slightly into the armholes, and are held in full gathers at the narrow cuffs, which are finished with a tuck, as illustrated. The soft full skirt has two tucks above the hem. The waist is lined with mull. In Copenhagen blue, navy or tan. Sizes, 34 to 44. Free Delivery. \$17.50



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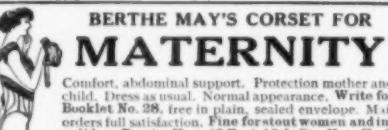
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## IN THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS

[Continued from page 68]

"Whimsical—fanciful—beautiful!" he kept repeating to himself. It was the first time in seven years he had not been ashamed of the things he used to feel.

"I remember now," he said directly; and, without any consciousness of what he did, pulled a flower from a honeysuckle vine, and handed it to her—"You are Olive Wilson. I heard a great deal about you, too—and thought you must be some very exalted, ethereal sort of person."

"You had sung in an oratorio," he went on—"and a millionaire heard you—and wanted to marry you. You did not marry him?" He looked down at her quickly.

Her eyes were on the young moon—her face looked a little too white, and tired:

"Not yet," she replied.

And then—funny it had not occurred to him before—he remembered the conversation overheard in the music-room—"He still wants to marry her."

"Was his name Gorley?" he asked her with distinct coolness in his tone.

"Yes," she replied indifferently, and turned aside to the honeysuckle vine.

"Oh, well, you will," he said with sudden bitterness. "Whenever I hear a story of a girl refusing a man with a million, I set it down with those other fool myths I used to believe. Good night!"

He stepped out of his room on to the balcony that overlooked the Court of the Fountains. He saw a figure still standing by the honeysuckle vine.

"Oh, she'll marry him all right, all right," he said savagely. "When a man has a million dollars to offer, girls' minds are already made up, wrapped, sealed, and ready for delivery."

He shut his teeth hard. He would go back in the morning to the mine—but he hated the desert—and this soft night, and the incense of a thousand blossoms, and the grass and trees and water splashing down there—No, by heaven, he wouldn't let her drive him away.

She was at the table by the sycamore tree at luncheon next day; but Curt, purposely ignoring both the nod of greeting and the head waitress' move to seat him at her table, strode on.

But, in the evening, when she happened to be speaking to the waitress at the entrance of the patio when he came in, and allowed the waitress to seat them at the same table, he could do nothing else but be outwardly polite, and inwardly elated.

"Do you know," she said pensively, "what you said last night about girls doesn't seem fair? If men will do anything for money—except go to jail—why should not a girl marry for money?"

"Sure," he said with an attempt at ironic lightness, "she should. We all are after the price. Only girls ought not to

pretend. They don't need to be treacherous about it."

"Often," she spoke with reflective seriousness, "what is counted treachery in a woman is her finest loyalty. Even Bess, weak, vacillating—so weak that she could not tell you that she loved another man—was so splendidly loyal to the man she really loved that she ran away from her promise to you. And Bess has been glad of it ever since—you ought to be."

"I certainly am," he said emphatically. "It is my biggest debt to your sex."

"You know, from the things I used to hear of you, and from the times I saw you with Bess, I decided, even then, you were loving the beauty in your mind, rather than Bess."

"I was," he declared convincingly.

"It is too bad you lost that beauty." She spoke with deep regret.

"Her treachery killed it."

"No—your infuriated egotism slugged it. And—if you ever get humble enough—it may be resuscitated."

The Spanish singers came upon the balcony again. The young moon looked down a bit more slantly on the east wall. The soft wind stirred. The desert was slipping, slipping farther and farther away, and the hardness and bitterness, like two large evil balls to which he had been chained, seemed to be rolling down a slope abloom with clover.

She stirred as though to rise from the table. The dinner had been over for a quarter of an hour.

"You want to sell your mine very much?" She had sunk back into her chair, and rested her left arm on the table.

"Yes, I hate the desert. I want to get away from it for good."

"Mr. Gorley is interested in mines." He was violently silent.

"Poor boy, you have had such a hard time—you must succeed." The tone, he thought, sounded like a sister's or a settlement worker's. "I have a plan."

For a full minute, she made little circles on the white cloth with her second finger.

"You—you—go to Mr. Gorley—and tell him—you—you think I've changed my mind. Then—if—if we marry, I'll have him buy your mine."

"No!" The word came with such force people at the other tables turned to look.

"Why, that," she said in a small voice, "wouldn't get you into jail."

He arose angrily and left her without even a good night.

Curt swore he would go back to the desert next day. Even its heat and sand and cactus and loneliness were better than this sordid, shoddy human life that sold itself to—to millionaires.

[Continued on page 81]



## IN THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS

[Continued from page 80]

He did not get to sleep until nearly daylight. At nine o'clock he was awakened by an insistent knock. Curt got up and opened the door, and a bell boy thrust a card at him—

"S. A. Gorley wishes to see you, sir," said the bell boy.

"Tell him I'm not up," said Curt, and shut the door angrily.

He dropped into a chair, dazed. She had done it herself. She had gone to Gorley—shamelessly—and said—"Well, here I am. I accept your bid. You can have me for a million dollars." But did she think that he would accept a dollar from that sordid sale? Ugh!

An hour later, as he was dressing, his telephone rang. It was the clerk:

"Mr. Gorley wishes to see you, Mr. Holland."

"Tell Mr. Gorley to go to the dickens," he said savagely, and hung up the receiver.

He left the inn without breakfast and walked fiercely to Rubidoux Mountain. He would get away to-day sure.

Back at the inn he went in to dinner early. Thank heaven she was not in the patio; and he was saved the mortification of even seeing her.

He had just given his order when a stout man, modishly dressed, wearing a short gray mustache, came to the entrance and spoke to the head waitress. She nodded toward Curt, and Gorley—it was the millionaire—came to his table.

"You are hard to find, young man. When can I see you on a little matter of business—about that mine of yours?"

"I'm leaving to-night," replied Curt.

"Then perhaps we'd better go into the matter now." He took a chair without waiting for consent.

Curt glanced toward the entrance, and his face began to burn, burn with shame and anger—and, possibly, remorse. She was coming, coming toward them—dressed in a light, shimmery summer dress, her hair piled softly about her radiant face.

But she did not stop at their table—merely looked down at Curt, smiled, nodded, and passed on.

His eyes, smoldering with anger, looked up and met the millionaire's.

But Gorley, his eyes following Miss Wilson, did not notice; wrinkles were in his forehead—his head was bent forward.

"Who was that girl? Seems to me I've seen her somewhere—thought last night, when she sang, I'd heard her before—Now, Mr. Holland, about this mine."

"Mr. Gorley"—Curt spoke with a sudden great rush of cordiality—"I've changed my mind. I'll not go to-night. I'll meet you in the morning at nine, surely."

"That will suit me fine—and if it looks as though we might get together—I'll

[Concluded on page 92]

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## UNCLE SAM'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

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### Exercise and Health

WHILE the medical profession has found means of lessening the mortality of younger children, the increasing death rate due to the diseases of degeneration is alarming. Ailments of the heart, blood vessels, and kidneys are, almost without exception, caused indirectly by the lack of exercise. In a leaflet, "Exercise and Health," the Public Health Service advises on amounts and kinds of exercises for people in city or country, in active or sedentary occupations. Learn your own need in this respect by reading this free leaflet.

### Diphtheria

THE United States Public Health Service has also a booklet on "Diphtheria," in which the causes, prevention, symptoms, and cure of this dreaded childhood disease are discussed. Send for this booklet and learn how to prevent diphtheria by cooperating with the health authorities.

### Measles

TEN thousand American children die of measles every year. Considering this, and the large number of cases of pneumonia, tuberculosis, and inflammation of the eye or ear which are direct results of measles, it can be plainly seen that measles should not be treated lightly. Such facts as these, together with the symptoms and development of both mild and severe cases and their treatment, are fully described in the free Public Health Service booklet on measles.

### Whooping Cough

AT this time of year contagious diseases, especially among children, are very prevalent on account of the poor ventilation and close proximity. Whooping cough is as serious as scarlet fever and is often followed by such ill effects as tuberculosis, bronchial disorders, and defective eyesight.

[Continued on page 83]



## UNCLE SAM'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

[Continued from page 82]

The Public Health Service has issued a booklet on "Whooping Cough," in which it describes the symptoms of the disease, methods of prevention, and the care and food required by the patient during an attack. Send for this booklet before the late winter epidemics threaten your children.

### The Farm Water Supply

REALIZING that a pure water supply is one of the most important factors bearing on the health of the farm household, the United States Public Health Service has issued a booklet called "Good Water for Farm Homes." The construction and care of wells and the merits of artesian or driven wells are all covered. The pollution and protection of springs and the purification of doubtful water complete this booklet.

### Composition of Foods

WITH a shortage of some of the most common foods and with prices soaring daily, the housewife's task is becoming harder. The Food Administration asks that she use less wheat, sugar and meat, but what must she substitute? Only by a comparison of the nutritive value of the foods replaced can she decide this. An authentic statement of the nutritive value of foods is issued by the Office of Experiment Stations in a booklet of eighty pages called "The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials." The diagrams showing the various cuts of meats, and the simple, clear statement giving the composition of almost every kind of food, will prove especially valuable to the housewife at this time. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy for you on receipt of 10 cents, the government's charge for printing and binding.

### Good Books for Children

IN response to frequent requests from parents, the United States Bureau of Education with the cooperation of the National Congress of Mothers has prepared a list of 1,000 books in its booklet "Good Books For Children." The list contains picture books and stories for the youngest children, natural history and animal stories, stories of foreign lands, our country, history, myths, biography and poetry for those more advanced. The books are arranged in groups for children of different ages; names of publishers with their addresses are included. On receipt of eight cents, our Washington Bureau will purchase a copy of this booklet for you.

[Concluded on page 85]

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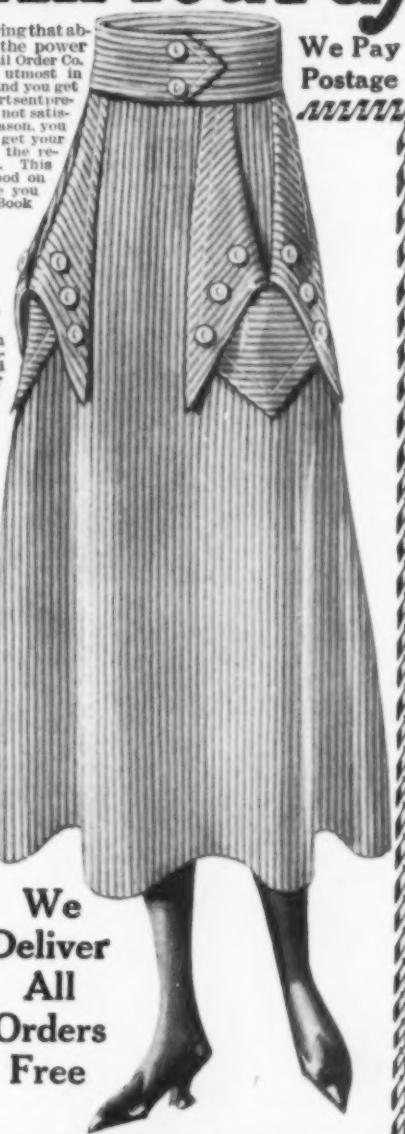
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## HIS SIDE OF THE STORY

[Concluded from page 27]

Mabel seemed just as pleased as Helene was, but I noticed the old cat with her gave us a sort of nasty look and smile. I didn't suspect why, then, but it made me feel, somehow, downright mad.

Mabel sent us back to our corner with a joking remark about my needing a change of face across the table. All the while Helene was talking, I kept glancing across at my wife, thinking that she had every other woman in the room beat a mile for looks. Now and then she caught my eye and smiled and waved her hand.

"This luncheon has been a regular safety valve for me, John!" Helene sighed after we'd finished. "I've missed pouring my troubles into your ears."

"In that case, we must have another session soon," I said, a bit conscience-stricken to think that I'd almost forgotten my old friends in my new happiness. "Suppose we take luncheon here every Wednesday, and you can let off steam."

So we fixed it up that way; and I told Mabel about it as soon as I got home. Right then was where I walked off the step I didn't know was there.

The moment I mentioned Helene she burst into tears. "Oh, John, how could you take another woman to luncheon in a public restaurant," she wailed. "What do you suppose Mrs. Porter thought?"

I opened my mouth and forgot to shut it again. I was too flabbergasted to say a word; but, before I could think of any plea for the defense, the truth was out.

It seems Mabel has never liked Helene and only invited her for my sake, so I wouldn't suppose she was jealous; and Helene took a perfectly malicious delight in patronizing her; and everybody was talking about us and pitying her; and if I'd wanted to run about with Helene Baldwin, why hadn't I married her, because she would have jumped at the chance; and I wasn't to think she was jealous. Any wife would feel exactly the same way!

It was as if a stroke of lightning had zigzagged down out of a perfectly clear matrimonial sky.

"But, my dear girl," I protested, "why on earth should you mind my taking Helene to luncheon in a public place? Would you have preferred me to take her to a private dining-room? Eating at Stanley's is about as open and uncompromising a performance as picnicking on the steps of the city hall with a brass band."

But it appeared that it wasn't the fact of my lunching with Helene that she minded so much as what Other People might say about it! Other People, I suppose, being Mrs. Porter and her kind—empty-pated women whose views, taken individually, are too silly for consideration, but, taken collectively, form the Fee-fi-fo-fum Bugaboo known as "They Say."

"Everyone in town knows that Helene and I have always been friends," I said indignantly. "If, by malicious gossip, they disolor the fact that we are still friends, what difference does that make to you and me? I care immensely what you think, but I do not give one little continental what other people say!"

"It isn't a question of right or wrong," Mabel argued. "It's a matter of convention. In a big city like New York, it may be the custom for married people to go about as if they weren't married, but not in a small town like this."

Which is, of course, perfectly unreasonable. If a thing is all right, it's all right wherever it is.

"Is a man expected to give up a lifetime friend just because he happens to get married?" I asked. "Why should two entirely separate things interfere with each other? In its own way, friendship is as sacred as marriage. Loyalty to one is not disloyalty to the other."

But Mabel cannot see the perfectly obvious common sense of this. According to her, a woman friend is seldom possible to a single man, and never permissible to a married one! She goes on the assumption that any woman who knows me is bound to fall in love with me, which is flattering but uncomfortable. And she seems to have entirely forgotten her magnanimous resolution to let me keep my old friends and customs, so that I would not be constantly reminded I was married!

If Mabel were a good sport, she would see the pettiness and absurdity of her attitude, but since she does not, it's up to me to overlook what is no more nor less than pure jealousy on her part. I am rather sorry, now, that I made that arrangement with Helene, but I am certainly not going to make my wife and myself ridiculous by going to her and saying sheepishly:

"We'll have to call those dates off. My wife doesn't trust me!"

I must protect Mabel from herself. I care too much for her to have any old busybodies hinting that I'm henpecked and don't dare call my soul my own. If Mabel doesn't care what people say, I do!

*Editor's Note.—If you are interested in his problem and want to help solve it, send in your contest letter before April 15, addressed to Montanye Perry, McCall's Magazine. There are no conditions connected with the contest, and subscribers and non-subscribers are admitted alike. The letters—which should be as brief as possible—will be judged by the editors solely on the basis of the contestant's human understanding and sense of human values. Three prizes of \$20 each will be given for the three best letters. See also page 55. Contestants can enter both contests.*



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I wish to join the Keep-Them-Warm League,  
and give my word of honor that the wool I receive will  
be used for knitting for American soldiers only. My  
subscriptions and the instructions regarding the kind of  
wool I want, are enclosed.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Local Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office and \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

### A TRAVELING-CASE

By MARIE ROYLE

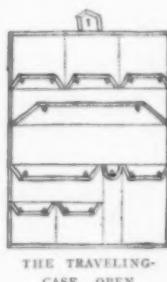
BROWN linen makes a useful traveling bag, built on the lines of a lawyer's brief-case. The size of the bag should be governed by the size of your suitcase, because when it is laid flat it should fit in the top of the suitcase, and when folded it should go nicely in a traveling-bag.



THE TRAVELING-CASE,  
CLOSED

and the edges may be bound with tape or ribbon. The pockets should be made with a little pleat to allow plenty of room, and fastened with buttons or snap fasteners. It is best to put the pockets for toilet things on the one side; two long ones, lined with oiled silk, for the comb and brush, and toothbrush, and three smaller ones for soap, wash-cloth, and odd things, such as manicure supplies, talcum and toothpowder. On the other side make one large pocket where the nightgown can be stowed away, and three smaller ones, as one can always find things to put in them.

A strap handle of the shawl-strap variety at the top and one or two straps to fasten it together at the bottom make such a case a very desirable traveling companion for a long or a short trip.



THE TRAVELING-CASE,  
OPEN

### UNCLE SAM'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

[Continued from page 83]

#### Household Measurements

SUGGESTING a standard set of weights and measures for the household, the United States Bureau of Standards in its booklet, "Measurements for the Household," points out many of the various means practised by unscrupulous dealers. The booklet illustrates the difference in the quantity delivered by the substitution of the liquid for the dry measure, the concave bottle of extract for the straight-sided bottle, etc. Many housewives scrutinize the prices and quality of the goods delivered, but unless the quantity is determined the real cost is not known. Our Washington Bureau will purchase a copy of this booklet for you on receipt of 20 cents.

## The Jar of Musterole on the Bath-Room Shelf

When little Susie had the croup; when Johnny got his feet wet and caught cold; when father sprained his knee; when granny's rheumatism bothered her—that jar of Musterole was right there to give relief.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates down to where the congestion causes the ache or the cold. And the heat which it generates usually carries off the congestion together with the cold or sprain or rheumatism. Yet its heat is a non-blistering heat. Musterole even feels cool a few moments after you have applied it. And the ease usually comes immediately while you are rubbing on Musterole over the place. Keep your jar of Musterole on the bath-room shelf—handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



## Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairyfoot** treatment **FREE**. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success. You can't have dug your toe into them all—unless you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you absolutely **FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain. It removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while wearing as tight shoes as ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairyfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today. FOOT REMEDY CO. 3556 W. 26th St. Chicago

# New York Styles WEARING APPAREL AND QUALITY SHOES



7Y105  
\$1.98

Perry, Dame & Co. announce that their Beautiful New Catalog of Women's and Children's Wearing Apparel and Quality Shoes for the Spring and Summer, 1918, is now ready.

This beautiful hat is an example of the many excellent Styles and Values found in our big new Catalog for the Spring of 1918.

It is a wonderfully smart new model. Developed in fine quality Satin. Chic upturned brim in front. Trimmed with a cockade of Grosgrain ribbon. Softly draped crown. Colors: Black, white or taupe. . . . \$1.98



SPECIAL  
Perry, Dame & Co. now carry a complete line of Fashionable Wearing Apparel and Quality Shoes for Stout Women.

Send a Postal Card request for this  
Mail Order Catalog of  
New York Styles  
and it will be sent you  
FREE

**Perry, Dame & Co.**  
158 East 32nd St. New York



## SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING

[Continued from page 58]

far less time and energy. Again, keep on your kitchen-table a little box filled with two-inch squares of medium-coarse sandpaper for cleaning your sticky and burnt pots and pans and kettles. After one trial, you will use nothing else. This is time and energy saved at the very reasonable expense of a few pennies.

IT is true that for most of us the serving of supper and the clearing away of dishes must come in the evening, after the day's work is done for the men. To balance this, the housekeeper must do all the supper work possible in the morning. Immediately after clearing away the breakfast dishes, and before washing them and the supper dishes of the preceding evening, plan dinner, and supper and breakfast for the next day. It is a help often to write the menus properly and to hang them in plain sight over the work table. This plan prevents forgetting things, and also foresees the old question that you have all heard propounded at the last minute, "Oh, what shall we have for dinner?"

Next, put into the fireless-cooker whatever is to be cooked in it for dinner. The fireless-cooker is now so well known that almost every housekeeper has one. Then peel the potatoes and put them into cold water; make a pudding; cook the vegetables that are to be creamed, or served as a salad; and make a soup that can be reheated. In short, do everything possible, at that time, in preparation for the three succeeding meals. Also, put to soak dried fruits and vegetables that you will cook in the fireless-cooker, the following morning. The reason for doing this work before washing the dishes is to allow enough time for preparing the foods in the fireless-cooker. Then all the dishes and the utensils just used can be washed together.

As to systematic arrangement of work; if you have no system, adopt one. Sit down with paper and pencil and work out

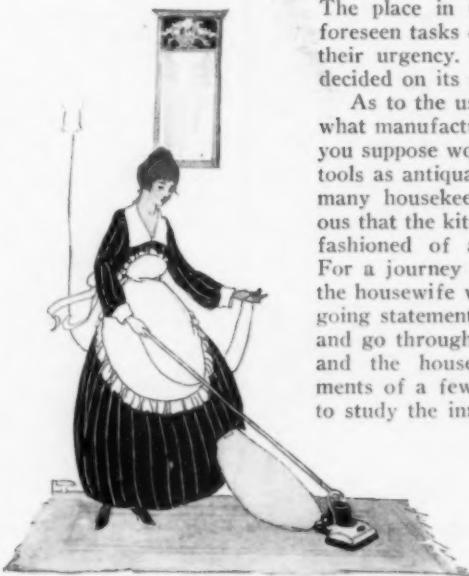
your plan. Write down a list of the tasks to be performed daily. Arrange the items in the order in which you can do them with the smallest number of steps, and with the least drain on your vitality. Remember that therein lies the test of the success of your administration. Then, list the larger tasks to be done once a week or so, such as cleaning windows, washing, mending, ironing, etc.; and place these items under the days in which they can be most easily performed.

The problems that belong particularly to the country woman concern the care of milk and butter, chickens, and eggs. Although that work cannot be classified as housework, if it forms a part of your daily or weekly program, you must put it into your schedule.

Then follow your written program. You'll be surprised how much it helps, whether you do your work or have it done. It is a psychological fact that less brain-fag results from doing tasks at a regular time and in a regular order than from doing the same tasks in haphazard fashion. Another point, and a strong one, in favor of working systematically is that much greater speed is attainable. Remember, however, that the schedule is a servant, not a master; so do not hesitate to change it when you can improve it. The place in the schedule of unforeseen tasks depends largely upon their urgency. Each case must be decided on its merits.

As to the use of modern tools—what manufacturer, what farmer do you suppose would worry along with tools as antiquated as those used by many housekeepers? It is notorious that the kitchen is the most old-fashioned of all our work-shops. For a journey of enlightenment let the housewife who doubts the foregoing statement take a trip to town and go through the ten-cent stores, and the house-furnishing departments of a few of the large stores to study the innumerable time- and labor-saving devices.

In considering the purchase of most of them, she has only to weigh in her mind the three elements: time, labor-saving devices. In considering the purchase of most of them, she has only to weigh in her mind the three elements: time,



THE VACUUM-CLEANER—AN ECONOMY IN LABOR

material (this includes money), and health. The health and the rest gained by the use of some of them, are worth far more than the new dress that might be bought with the money put into them. And best of all, by far the larger number of these contrivances cost much less than a dress.

[Concluded on page 90]

# Nujol for constipation



The business man  
and the business woman say  
that Nujol keeps them fit. Why?  
Because most human illness is  
considered to be directly or in-  
directly caused by constipation.  
Nujol relieves constipation. It may  
help you. Try it. It is absolutely  
harmless. At all Drug Stores.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Bayonne, New Jersey



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The fine upright shown above offers, like every *Ivers & Pond*, satisfying, enduring quality. The purchase of such a piano becomes an investment rather than an expenditure.

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are today, as ever, built in but one grade—the best. Their delightful tone, attractive designs and sterling integrity of construction have made them the choice of over 450 leading educational institutions and 60,000 homes.

Write for our new catalogue showing all that is latest and best in upright, grand and player-pianos. It will insure you against a piano-disappointment and may save you money.

### How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship **IVERS & POND** pianos from the factory on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

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149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.  
Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable  
information to buyers.

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## 10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathé, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the

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Shows this and other Symphonola styles, sold on easy payments.

**Larkin Co.** Desk SMC 318, Buffalo, N. Y.



Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

**TO SHARPEN SCISSORS.**—By accident I discovered that cutting sand-paper sharpened my scissors. Now I do not have to wait for the grinder to come around, for I always keep a sheet of sand-paper in my machine drawer.—Mrs. H. M. M., Merrill, Oregon.

**A POTATO TEST.**—Before buying potatoes, cut a sample potato in half. Put the two cut ends together. If they stick, the potato is good and mealy; if they slide apart, the potato is watery and of poor quality.—M. E. R., Jefferson City, Missouri.

**TO START A FIRE EASILY.**—Keep a mixture of coal oil and ashes in an old cup. When you want to start a fire quickly, put a spoonful of this mixture on your kindling. This burns longer, is more economical and much safer than kerosene alone.—J. E. M., Clarksdale, Mississippi.

**TRYING OUT LARD.**—Do not cut up your lard by hand, run it through the meat-grinder. It will try out more quickly and with less waste.—L. R., Los Angeles, California.

**TO MAKE PICTURES HANG STRAIGHT.**—If you will hang your picture facing the wall, then turn it over, thus crossing your wire, you will find that the wire will not slip and your picture will remain straight.—Mrs. A. J. T., St. Paul, Minnesota.

**TO BAKE POTATOES QUICKLY.**—If you are in a hurry for potatoes to bake, let them stand in very hot water a few minutes before putting them into the oven.—Mrs. G. G. C., New Market, Alabama.

**TO KEEP FRUIT FROM FREEZING.**—I have no cellar to store my canned fruit in, so I wrap a sheet of newspaper smoothly around each can, folding it over at the top and bottom. Then I put the cans in a box, and the fruit keeps in any closet.—A. B., Springfield, Tennessee.

**WHEN OPENING PICKLED FRUIT.**—Save the juice from cans of pickled fruit, and add to the water in which ham is boiled. You will procure quite the most delicious flavor to your ham that you can imagine.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

**A WASHTUB HINT.**—If you have a wooden washtub that dries up and leaks, heat a gallon of water to boiling point and pour it into the tub and throw a heavy cloth over the top. Let this stand a few minutes and the tub will be ready for use.—Mrs. C. B., South Glens Falls, New York.

**DARNING CHILDREN'S HOSE.**—In darning a good-sized hole in a stocking, sew a piece of net over the hole and darn through the net. This makes a neater, stronger darn.—T. Y., Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

**AN APPLE ECONOMY.**—Wash your apples thoroughly before cooking, then quarter and core without peeling. Your sauce, pies and puddings will have a better flavor, and you will save fifty per cent. in work and material by using the fruit unpeeled.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

**A PRESSING HINT.**—An excellent way to press mussed waists is to sprinkle your ironing sheet and pin it tightly over your ironing board and press the waist on the dampened sheet. The steam which arises will be sufficient to take out every crease. This is fine for new waists.—L. G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

**A USE FOR DRY PARSLEY.**—I had some dry parsley which looked hopeless, but I dried it thoroughly in the oven and rubbed it through a fine sieve. It made a fine powder to use in soup and on top of baked dishes and creamed potatoes.—Mrs. M. L. B., Marysville, Ohio.

**THE EASIEST WAY TO REMOVE INK STAINS.**—When ink is spilt on a table-cloth, melt a candle immediately, take some of the tallow and spread it over the stain. Let the tallow dry. All signs of stain will disappear when the cloth is washed.—L. E. H., Ottawa, Ontario.

**Editor's Note.**—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned only when a self-addressed envelope with a 3-cent stamp is enclosed.



## NURSING UNCLE SAM

[Continued from page 23]

living problems. The graduate of a good school immediately becomes a professional who earns more than her livelihood. There are no trampings about from office to office to find employment—the hospital has tided her over the probation period. Her work is ready and waiting for her when she has successfully completed her training; she becomes, automatically, a Nurse, a useful worker of the world.

But what is most important of all to consider in connection with the nursing profession of to-day is its wide scope. The nurse's duties have become public and social in character—educational, administrative. No longer need she confine herself to the narrow field of hospital and home. She goes out into the streets, the tenements, the industrial plants; goes into schools and colleges—goes wherever Health Conservation is the watchword. In these fields alone there are probably 100,000 nurses practising in the United States at present; and yet they are crying out to you—to your sisters—to your neighbors—to help fill the demand. While practically every other profession is overcrowded, the nursing ranks still have gaps for you. While practically every other profession has a limited scope, the scope of the nursing profession is unlimited. It is the profession of the hour, and the school of nursing is to the woman what the training camp is to the soldier.

If you are a strong, healthy young woman, between the ages of twenty and thirty-five, looking for a profession that will count for something worthwhile, here is your answer. You do not have to think about whether you are a born nurse or not—there is no such thing. You do not have to wonder whether you are the nurse's type or not. Nurses are not made from molds. They are merely a species of strong, trustworthy, self-reliant young women alive with the spirit to serve, with a human interest, and a sense of humor.

If you can fulfil those qualifications; are not afraid of a little hard work; would be ready to face the hard things that would be met occasionally in any hospital-training course—that would have to be met in any of the things worthwhile in life—then visit to-day the good training schools in your neighborhood, or write them, making full inquiries. By a good training school is meant one whose diploma will enable you to register in your state; one whose educational standards are of the highest; one which offers thorough training in medical, surgical, children's and maternity nursing; one where the housing and living conditions will insure your health and well-being; where the working conditions and the hours are reasonable.

[Concluded on page 94]



## Fifth Avenue Fashions at Money Saving Prices

*In these Days of National Economy, Buy Your New Spring Outfit Direct from the Manufacturer who guarantees entire satisfaction or refunds your money*

SCORES of attractive and fashionable Spring garments, in all the desirable materials, are shown in our new Free Spring Catalog. The illustrations are photographs taken from life showing the very styles that critical New York women are now buying at our FIFTH AVENUE Retail Salesrooms.

You can select from our new style book, at unusually low prices, the same advanced models, the same excellent workmanship and fabrics as are shown in the exclusive Fifth Avenue stores.

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Manufacturers of Coats Suits & Dresses.  
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Makes its own gas from Kerosene (coal oil). Gives every home a gas stove. Absolutely safe. Cheapest fuel known. **Wonderful Labor Saver** Agents just coining wild about it. No coal or ashes to carry. No more danger from gasoline. **Safe, Clean, Odorless, Cheap** Every home a prospect. Low price makes quick sales. Easy to carry and demonstrate. Big profits. Your territory is open. Write today. Thomas Burner Co., 2902 East St., Dayton, Ohio

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Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

**30 Days Free Trial** on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-to-Rider terms and prices.

**TIRES** single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at low prices that will astonish you. Most unusual values and terms.

**SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY** Dept. P-26 Chicago





## CONSERVATION

McCALL'S Magazine is Dame Fashion's treasure chest. Its fashion pages are a procession of the smart and modern in dress design. And for every illustration, there's a McCALL Pattern, so clearly planned, so aptly described, the hand and needle find it a pleasure to follow their guide.

But this month the new series offer far more—They strike a note that befits the times—the note of **Conservation**—McCALL begs to present a group of patterns specially designed to **use the least in yardage, and yield the most in effect, combining style with economy**.

## BUY McCALL PATTERNS ECONOMICAL IN YARDAGE

(How to get McCall Patterns—see page 47)

### SCIENTIFIC HOUSEKEEPING

[Continued from page 86]

It is true that many men, usually because they do not realize how wearing housework is, are reluctant to put money into work-saving improvements. It is a statistical fact that farm women who survive the years of drudgery, break in health sooner than do the men. There is no doubt in my mind that the biggest factor in the development of this state of affairs is the woeful lack of labor-saving contrivances in the farm woman's home. A clear comprehension of the facts just stated will undoubtedly influence the man who has refused to put in a kitchen sink. The things next in order of desirability are a hot-water tank, to be operated in connection with the kitchen range or oil-burner, and stationary tubs. Here, again, the object is to eliminate that back-breaking task of lifting and carrying water.

As to convenient arrangement of tools—after you get the labor-saving devices, see that you place them where they can be got with the least possible effort. Keep all lids for cooking-vessels in a rack by the stove, not put away in the pantry or cupboard across the room. Keep one set of salt- and pepper-shakers on the table by the stove, another on the table where you do your mixing. Also on a row of nails or hooks over the sink, keep the towels and utensils you use often. And see to it that the nails are so plentiful that but one article need hang on each.

Instead of waiting until you start for market to make your list, tack a penny pad, with string and pencil attached, in a convenient spot, and when the supply of anything runs out, note it on the pad. Keep the cook-book on a convenient shelf instead of in a drawer under the dish towels. Keep a dust-cloth in a pocket on your closet door as well as in the linen closet, and a can of scouring-powder in the bath-room as well as in the kitchen.

Now, just look about your house and see how many useless things there are. Some of them are neither useful nor beautiful. Be brave enough to put those things away or to give them to some one who can use them. Bear in mind that if they take time and strength to be cared for, and do not give service or happiness in return, they decrease by just so much the success of your home.

As to keeping accounts—it cannot be denied that one's housekeeping, one's profession, is far more satisfactory when one has a businesslike knowledge of the money involved. A carefully kept and itemized account-book is a good eye-opener when one considers the purchase of useless things.

Lastly, as regards up-to-date methods—don't be afraid to try new ways of doing things. The new way may be better than the old; if it isn't, forego it.



## THE SECRET OF CHARM

By JOSEPHINE GREGORY

CHARM is the magic by which we win friends and love and happiness. All of us want it, because we find, sooner or later, that whatever we may do or have seems barren, meager, and useless, unless we have the power to make people care for us. We have all analyzed at some time or another the charm of the so-called popular girl. Often this charm has been due to her appearance, or her dress, or her manners. At other times it has been due to warmth of spirit or the power of an active, well-ordered mind.

It is certain that charm goes away beyond mere attractiveness. Lillian, the giddy sister in a family, may be the most favored girl of her set, with a perfect bevy of admirers, while the quieter Adelaide goes unnoticed; but unless Lillian is very careful to support the flimsy kindling of her gaiety on the basic logs of worth-while things, she will burn out like a flash, and by the time she is thirty, be relegated to obscurity like the ashes. Adelaide's flame, on the other hand, will burn clearer and stronger from year to year, until it will give cheer and comfort to all who know her.

Of course, there are infinite varieties of charm, and each one of us should cultivate that which is best suited to her. Charm is something that goes deeper than merely a pleasing voice and a fine carriage, which any one, with a little effort, can acquire. It is really personality. The quiet girl will find her power in drawing out the best from people; the merry girl will use her laughter to solve others' woes.

One girl I know acquired charm by first discovering and then following a pet hobby. At first, she dreaded to meet people because she never could think of anything interesting to say. Realizing this, she began to read, at first the daily papers, and then good weekly magazines on current topics. As she learned about the great movements on foot, she began to form opinions of them, and, when she met people, she was eager to discuss those opinions on any subject that interested them.

It went further. As she read, she became interested in photography and bought a camera. Within a month, she was gaily following this hobby, and now when she meets a shy person with little to say, she has so many interesting things to tell him that the talk never languishes. A fad adds a wonderful zest to life, and there are hundreds to choose from. It somehow teaches one that in order to be interesting one must be interested in people, in ideas, in things; for after all, it is the gift of human sympathy that makes one personally appealing to others. Any one can acquire this kind of charm as easily as charm of voice or carriage.

Spring Fashion Catalog **FREE**

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Never before have you seen so many changes—such a welcome development of the simpler tendencies—so many style surprises and unexpected economies! See all these interesting things first in this big new Bedell Style Book. A complete exposition by word and picture of everything this bountiful Spring has to offer—and at guaranteed lowest prices.

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You will never know what wonderful fashions are obtainable at economical prices, until you see the new Bedell book. Get this famous catalog immediately—a magnificent volume fresh from the press—handsomely illustrated with entire sections in colors—revealing the accepted new Spring shades. By far the most elaborate and most useful catalog we have ever issued.

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Silvertones  
Gabardines  
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\*15—\*20—\*25—\*35

## DRESSES

Taffetas  
Satin  
Poplins  
Serges  
Gougettes  
Crepe de Chine

\*5—\*10—\*15—\*20—\*25

## COATS

Velours  
Taffetas  
Wool Poplins  
Gabardines

\*6—\*8—\*10—\*19—\*75

## SHOES

Famous Bedell  
"Beauty" Boots  
and Pumps

\*2—\*3—\*5  
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## PLAYS

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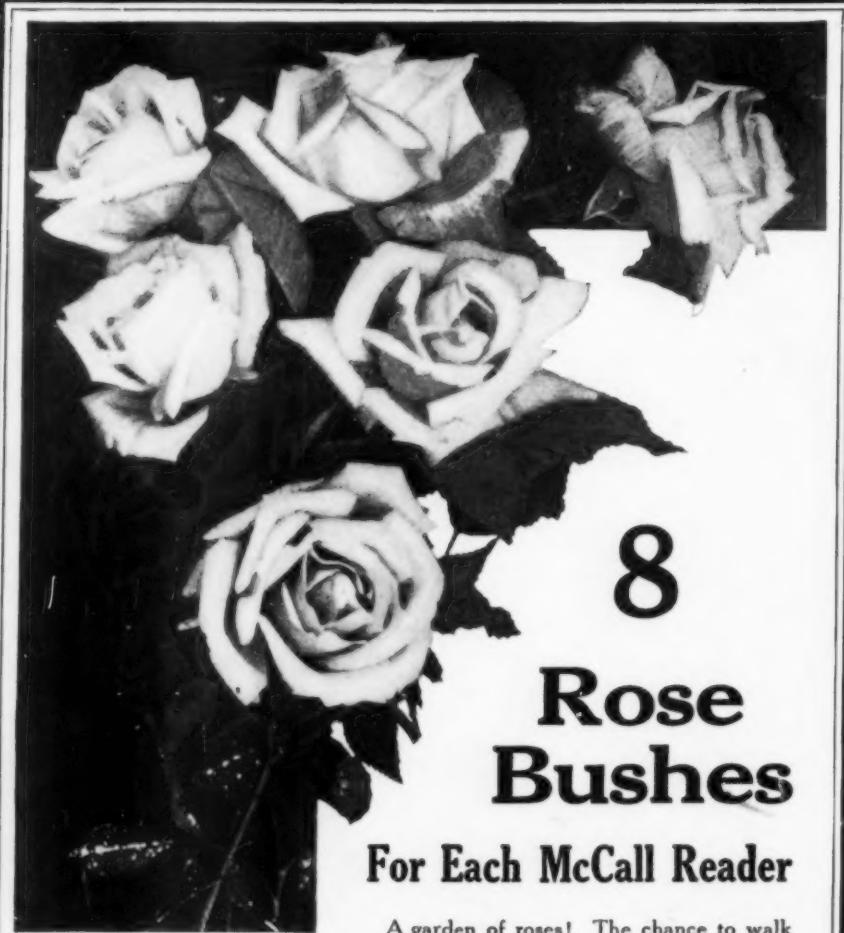
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of Beautiful Silk Remnants for fancy work, curtains, portieres, pillows, etc. SEND 10 CENTS for big  
package of large lovely pieces. Agents wanted to sell silk, velvet, and  
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You may keep this New Edison Amberola—Edison's greatest record player—on the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, too, for only \$1. Pay the balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Try it before you buy it. Send no money down. Then return if you wish. Write Today for Our New Edison Book. Send your name and address for our new book and pictures of the New Edison Amberola. Name—  
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# 8 Rose Bushes

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A velvety brilliant-blooming scarlet rose of infinite charm and grace.

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Double blooms of brilliant pink.

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One of the largest and most magnificent white roses ever produced.

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#### *My Maryland*

A pink rose of exquisite beauty and extreme hardiness.

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A very handsome flesh-colored rose with large buds and flowers.

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An intense scarlet crimson rose, blooming in great clusters, retaining its full color as long as the flower lasts.

A garden of roses! The chance to walk care-free between the green-leaved bushes and their fragrant flowers—and to pick *just* the blossoms whose delicate color and perfume appeal to you—is there anything more enjoyable? McCall's offers you a chance to have your own rose-garden—8 hardy ever-blooming roses of the choicest varieties. You only have to accept one of these three offers:

**OFFER NO. 1.** These 8 Hardy Ever-blooming Rose-Bushes for only 1 subscription for McCall's Magazine (other than your own) at 75c a year.

**OFFER NO. 2.** These 8 Hardy Ever-blooming Rose-Bushes for the renewal of your own subscription for McCall's for another year at 75c and 10c extra.

**OFFER NO. 3.** These 8 Hardy Ever-blooming Rose-Bushes for 50c in cash.

These roses are all of the hardy everblooming variety, the best roses for garden planting. The plants you will receive are strong, healthy, one-year-old pot-grown plants which will thrive in any good garden soil and bloom the first year if given ordinary care. They are guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition with special printed instructions.

**Order now to receive the roses at the proper time to plant**

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I accept your Rose-Bush offer No. \_\_\_\_\_ and enclose the necessary remittance. Full directions for mailing the magazine and the roses are given in the attached letter.

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Canadian Subscription 25c Extra



### IN THE COURT OF THE FOUNTAINS

[Continued from page 81]

start one of my engineers out there tomorrow to report on it."

He arose, excused himself, and joined a party of friends who had just been seated at another table. Curt arose at the same time and met the waiter coming with his entrée.

"Move me to the table over there by the sycamore tree," he directed.

Olive looked up and smiled as he took the chair opposite her: "I am glad to see," she laughed, without a trace of secret hurt, "that when I declined the honor of Mr. Gorley's millions seven years ago, it did not break his heart. He does not even know me now."

"Tell me, Olive Wilson"—he spoke hurriedly with a desperate desire to get everything clear—"were you only joking last night about that message?"

"Why, surely," she laughed. "Even if I had wanted Mr. Gorley, I would not have taken so clumsy a way as that to renew the acquaintance. I was just discovering how willing you were to accept sorrid money."

He blushed violently. He had been most effectively trapped.

"Well,"—he was still puzzled—"how did Gorley know about my mine?"

"Through Jim Connelly—he knows him quite well—and Connelly is an uncle of mine." She looked teasingly from under her lashes—"I was there the night you brought the ice for little Bobby."

That was the most wonderful dinner Curt ever enjoyed. Somehow, everything that ought not to be seemed millions of miles away on the desert.

He heard the Spanish love songs in a rush of emotion; he heard the great organ afterward chant its stirring story of hearts that long ago had suffered and triumphed.

And he heard her sing!

Afterward, he waited in the cloister walk for her.

"Come,"—he took her arm in a firm, tender grip, and led her toward the exit—"let's go into the Court of the Fountains."

"All right." She smiled up in happy banter. "Maybe we will see some fairies—we ought to on a night like this."

"I think we will,"—the old whimsical look was in his face—"and I hope one of them will have a bow and arrow—and shoot you as hard as he has me."

Although the meaning he put into his tone brought the warm blood to her face, she said nothing until, on a bench by the fountain, they were hid in the deep shadow of fragrant vines and trees. Her head was near his shoulder, and she turned her face a little banteringly toward him, and said in a half-scared, happy little voice: "I fear I am offering him a very, very tempting target."



## PEDDLING EGGS

By A WOMAN WHO DID IT

FOR years I worked in a down-town office of a big city, from early morning until late at night. Often I used to wonder how I ever came to be a part of that big, throbbing, struggling, money-getting metropolis—I who was born and brought up in a little country town in New Hampshire. Dreams would creep into the work hours, in a most exasperating way, leaving me miserably homesick. In every dream was a picture of open fields and small cottages.



EN ROUTE TO MARKET

As all dreams come true if they're dreamed hard enough—at least I think so—mine became a reality two years ago. I married then and went to live on the outskirts of a small New England town. My husband was earning only a moderate income, and I insisted, from the start, upon doing my share toward swelling the family exchequer. We talked late into one night, weighing carefully every pleasant avocation that a married woman might profitably take up, from market-gardening to keeping a gift shop. Then a brand-new idea struck me: I would peddle eggs. Not one woman in a hundred would refuse to buy fresh eggs if she knew positively that they were fresh. When my husband realized how determined I was, he fell in with my plan. I procured the names of some farmers in southern Massachusetts and in northern Rhode Island, who sold eggs on a large scale at far less than market prices. We got together enough money to buy a horse and a wagon. The neighbors whom I solicited responded enthusiastically. They paid me less than they would have paid their market man, yet more than I was paying the farmers who supplied me. I had cards printed and sent out to the housewives of the neighboring towns, and in no time, I had all the customers I could handle.

**Send for our Garden Booklet telling What, How and When to plant.**

Price, 10 cents



## \$100,000 Style Book Ask Before It's Too Late

My beautiful new Spring Style Book—pictured here—brings to you 1001 of the season's prize styles. With this book comes a credit certificate opening your account. That means that you never have to wait for anything.

I will take my pay little by little. You may spread the cost of a purchase over many months. But my book is always in great demand. I never have enough copies. Send your request in today and be sure of getting your copy.

## Credit Without Asking

### Economy Prize Styles

My Style Book has always displayed the foremost fashions in the loveliest and most wearable fabrics. This season I have given prizes to the most famous designers for economy styles. These were judged by a committee of 17 experts. So when you get my Fashion Book you will be surprised to see perfectly stunning things at lower prices than even former seasons.

If there ever was a time when you ought to seize every opportunity of saving money it is now! My Style Book shows you how I can save you on your clothes expense. Here are some of its departments:

Suits—Coats—Dresses—Waists—Skirts—Hats—  
Shoes—Lingerie—Underwear—Children's Wear  
—Also 300 Kinds of Piece Goods

### Use Your Credit Pay Little By Little

I send all selections prepaid on approval. I urge you to return them if not satisfactory. Then, in that case, I pay the return cost.

If you keep your selections you spread the cost over many months. I permit you to pay a small part of the bill as you can best spare the money. These sums are never very large—often as little as \$1 a month. This naturally lightens the burden of clothes expense.

### Prices So Low as to Seem Unbelievable

It has been my life's work to hunt bargains and search out good styles. I buy direct from mills and makers. My business is so enormous that I can buy in large quantities and at quantity prices—you get the benefit of this saving.

The best proof of my bargains is my Free Trial Offer. I couldn't afford that if many people sent things back. I simply have to give satisfaction. The dress shown here is a splendid example of my values.

So for all these reasons I urge you to ask for my Book now. I can't promise it later. Just a postal card will do.

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COLORS: Rose, navy blue, tan, gray, green, or Copenhagen blue.

Misses: 14, 16 and 18 years; ladies' sizes: 32 to 44 bust measure—no larger.

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#### How to clean mops and brooms

After mops, brooms and brushes have done their share of the cleaning, they need a bit of cleaning themselves. The grease and oil with which they come in contact lodge in the mop and bristles. Try dissolving a heaping tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a pail of hot water. Swish the mops and brushes up and down in this water. They will come out fresh and sterilized because Gold Dust so thoroughly dissolves the grease.

Adv.

### MATERNITY

"Mater Modes" sent free

Write to Dept. F3

An informative book every expectant mother should have for the sake of appearance, health and economy. It will be sent to you free by the famous originators and largest manufacturers of maternity apparel. LANE BRYANT, 38th St. at 5th Ave., New York

Non-Nettle White Flannels  
Are the softest, smoothest and least irritating flannels made (\$5 to \$20 a yard) and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk warp.

Send for Free Sample Case  
containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheetings, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infant's Outfits (\$5 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby. No advertising on wrappers. For 25 cents we will add a complete set of seventeen Modern Paper Patterns for babies' garments that would cost \$70 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

**THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O.**  
Established in 1885. Known around the globe.

## ONE PEEP

[Continued from page 57]

best of lamps for faery folk, for if we hear the big people coming we just give them a kick, and out they go."

"That's jolly," cried the little boy, "but tell me, what are all those little girl faeries dragging behind them?"

"O, that? That's smoke. All the smoke that floats up into the air and disappears, they collect. They bring it home and stretch it out thin to smooth it, and then they cut it up to make their dresses. Look close and you'll see how it is done."

The little boy was so interested that he turned around to watch, and lo, the village had vanished. There was nothing to see but the winding lane, the hawthorn bush and the open field beyond.

"O, I forgot," he laughed, "I should have kept my back turned."

And he faced about once more. But he could see no village. He winked a bit and rubbed his eyes, and still he saw no village.

"O, that's too bad," he cried, "please, Faery Man, make magic again and show me some more of your town."

The deeny man smiled and shook his head. "No, you've had you: peep," he said, "and now I must be going. Good-by."

And he stuck his hat on his head and was gone.

The little boy listened and called once or twice. There was no answer.

"Won't Mother be surprised when I tell her?" he said. "I wonder what she's got for supper."

## NURSING UNCLE SAM

[Continued from page 89]

If, by chance, however, you don't know which is the best school in your neighborhood, then write to the Committee on Nursing of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defense in Washington. They will be glad to send you their pamphlet, "State Sources of Advice and Information on Nursing," for the asking; they are prepared to guide you individually—to send you additional literature—to tell you the countless advantages and opportunities in nursing which cannot be included here. For the purpose of the Committee is to interest intelligent, patriotic women of America in nursing as a life-work offering extraordinary opportunities both for service in time of war, and far-reaching, important, and satisfying work in times of peace.

What more could you ask? Right at your doorstep is a chance to serve the nation; facing you, if the war lasts, is your chance to serve the great cause through the Red Cross; and then, to-morrow, when peace has come, a chance to serve the world in its vast reconstruction.

## Velvet Grip

### OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

#### Grace

is woman's birth-right. To retain it, she should realize the importance of selecting the right dress accessories.

#### Velvet Grip

#### Oblong Rubber Button HOSE SUPPORTER

gives you confidence, madam. It contributes to your comfort and peace of mind, allows free, natural action and always holds faithfully until released.

Whether you buy hose supporters with your corsets or unattached, be sure to get them from *Velvet Grip*. There are styles for women, misses and children.

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Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

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## TREO GIRDLE

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With The Feature Strip

WHICH is indispensable if style with comfort is to be assured. The TREO GIRDLE is made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented method of construction and character of material used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear. In short or long lengths, white or flesh. Retail, \$2.50 to \$8.00.

#### CAUTION

The TREO GIRDLE has the feature strip of elastic above the elastic waist-line band, and, therefore, supports the body above and below the waist-line. All similar all-elastic garments are simply hip confiners, and NOT ELASTIC CORSETS. Insist upon securing the TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE CORSET with the Feature Strip. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for FREE booklet.

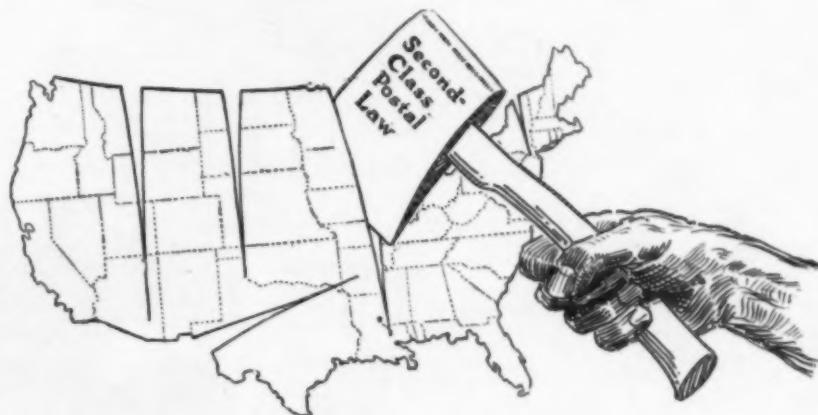
**Treo Co., 1606 Fifth Ave., N.Y.**  
In Canada: Eisman & Co., Toronto



# America Must Be United

**I**N this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, America must be strong with the strength of unity—one nation. America must be bound together, as it is to-day, not so much by the machinery of Government, as by ideas, held in common by all and fully exchanged, so that all the people throughout the country may understand and sympathize with one another. This is what has brought this great nation

together and holds it together. This result has been accomplished primarily by the Press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals and business papers. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping to bring all sections close together into one great nation, through a common understanding.



## America must not be Split into a half-dozen Sections Weak with the ILLS and EVILS of Sectionalism

But such a disastrous result is not only possible, but probable, unless the present law pertaining to second-class postage is repealed before it goes into effect. Postal legislation was enacted in the present Revenue Bill, which divides the country up into "zones" and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals from 50 to 900 per cent.

These nation-binding periodicals are confronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally, and loss to your country. It will destroy a large part of the periodicals. You will be deprived of

the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and helped educate them. And, eventually, such magazines as do survive will cost you much more.

The Post Office Department has never been considered a money-making institution. It was established, as was the Department of Agriculture, for the benefit of the people. There is no deficit to make up, as last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly \$10,000,000.

### An Increase Would Be a Great Injustice to the American People

The Post Office was never intended as a tax-gathering institution. It was basically designed to give service to the people—to all the people at the same rate. The Publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their entire net profits for the period of the war. They already pay pro-

portionately more taxes than most businesses. This advertisement is designed to awaken your interest in the danger of permitting the deduction and obstruction of the channels of national intelligence.

This is the time of all times when America must be a united America—one nation strong with the strength of unity. Let your influence be used to that end.

## The Authors' League of America, Inc. REX BEACH, President

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## REFINISHING FURNITURE

By ESTHER KLINE

HAVE you ever been in a house that so impressed you with the beauty of its old furniture that you went straight home and took stock of your own possibly worn or scratched chairs and tables? Every woman knows what it means to have her furniture lose its new look and become marred and dull; but not every woman realizes how easily it can be renovated with a little applied home science and a rudimentary knowledge of varnish, wax, and enamel. Of course, there are other finishes — many of them — but these constitute the three basic ones; and the secret of using them right requires little skill or time.

Varnished furniture can be finished in several different ways. Some can be finished with only one or two coats of stain-varnish, which stains and varnishes the wood at the same time. Other furniture can be first stained, then shellacked, and finally given one or two coats of varnish; and still other furniture need be only shellacked and varnished, two coats of each.

From this it can readily be seen that in refinishing varnished furniture, the method of procedure will vary according to the way the furniture is already finished.

If the furniture is not scratched, but merely worn, dust it thoroughly with a clean cloth and apply stain-varnish. It is best to put on two coats. After the first coat is dry, sandpaper the uneven places and go over with varnish the second time, being very careful not to let any foreign particles, such as hairs or dust, remain on the surface as they mar the beauty and smoothness of the finish.

If, however, the furniture is badly scratched, it will be necessary to remove the varnish. This can be done in two ways, by using a varnish-remover, or by using wood alcohol. If the varnish-remover is used, care must be taken to keep it away from the fire as it is inflammable. Put the varnish-remover on the furniture

with a paint brush. In several hours, the varnish may be removed with sandpaper or a silver knife. If some varnish sticks, another coat may be applied in the same way, and a third coat if necessary.

If the wood alcohol method is used, apply the alcohol to the furniture by means of a rag or a brush, and rub in with the fingers. This reacts on the varnish, and the result is a pasty mixture. This should, of course, be wiped off; but care must be taken to leave an even color. When the surface is thoroughly dry, coat with stain-varnish. If preferred, the furniture may be stained after it has been varnished. The stain should be

liberally applied with a brush or small rag. Leave it on until you have the right shade of stain that you want, wiping off a little so as to test it. Then proceed to wipe it all off. The furniture should be allowed to dry at least twenty-four hours. Then apply ordinary varnish.

If an extra good wearing surface is desired, it is well to apply one or two coats of shellac before the varnish is put on. Each coat is slightly sandpapered before the next one is applied.

In refinishing furniture, it is not desirable to use enamel if the wood has a pretty grain, but if there are small children in the household, a more substantial finish than varnish is desirable. In such a case, the furniture should be waxed. This process gives a rich dull finish, and still displays the grain. If the surface is scratched, use more wax and rubbing with a woolen cloth to remove the scratches.

Before being waxed, furniture should first be stained. When the stain is dry, the surface should be given one or two coats of shellac according to the above directions. However, if the wood is oak, a different method must be used. Upon close examination of oak, one will find that, on the surface of the grain, there are



POSSIBILITIES OF MAKING OLD FURNITURE ATTRACTIVE

[Concluded on page 97]



## REFINISHING FURNITURE

[Continued from page 96]

tiny crevices running lengthwise or with the grain. In order that the furniture may have a smooth and durable surface when finished, these crevices must be filled. This is done by what is called a "filler," a pasty mixture, varying in color, which one may obtain at a cabinet-maker's. Yellow is used with light stains, and brown or black with the dark. It is applied with a brush and rubbed into the wood with the fingers. Just before it begins to dry on the surface, rub it off with a rag, going across the grain, for if you go with the grain, your rag will take the filler with it.

Wax should not be applied until furniture is thoroughly dry. If you are using the ordinary floor-wax, apply liberally with the fingers, being careful not to overlook any places. About ten or fifteen minutes afterward, polish the surface by rubbing briskly with a woolen cloth. As many coats of wax as desired may be put on—twelve hours between each.

For waxing furniture one may use the ordinary floor-wax. This is not waterproof, however, and the furniture upon which it is used becomes dull and spotted when exposed to dampness and water. This can be easily remedied by rewaxing.

All furniture must be rewaxed at least two or three times a year. Do not wax furniture until the varnish is removed and the wood given several coats of shellac.

The third and last class of finishes is enamel. This is perhaps the most commonly used for refinishing. If varnished furniture is to be enameled, the varnish must be thoroughly sandpapered. Painted furniture should be slightly sandpapered, but if the paint peels off, the best thing to do is to scrape it all off and sandpaper it. The first step in enameling is to put on a coat of white lead or ordinary white paint. When this is thoroughly dry, sandpaper slightly, and apply another coat. Stir the paint occasionally with a wooden stick. If the paint is thinned occasionally with turpentine it will go on more smoothly and will also stick better. If necessary, a third or fourth coat may be applied.

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## UNCHARTED

[Continued from page 19]

Well, to make a long story short, I brought them here at once. It's now twelve hours since they came. The children were just ill from the effects, and came around. But Nancy—Well, I don't know. I worked over her for hours. I haven't even trusted a nurse. She may live. But her vitality is so low. She comes to, every now and then, and looks at me. She does not seem to recognize me. But the look in her eyes—it hurts my soul.

That's all for the present. I'll write you as soon as there is any change.

TOM.

DEAR SISTER.—Let me see, it was yesterday morning that I wrote you. Now it's ten at night. And I haven't had any sleep yet.

Nancy is slightly better, I wanted you to know that. I don't dare hope yet, but she is slightly better. She knows me. About three o'clock this afternoon, I saw her lips move. I bent over her and she said—like a breath that came and went: "It—it isn't—Doctor—Tom?"

"That's who it is, all right," I whispered back, "so don't talk or think."

I think she smiled then. It looked so. But she was thinking, remembering.

"The children!" she gasped suddenly. And it seemed as if she used her last strength in her agony.

"Fine as fine can be," I assured her. "They are in the next room, asleep. When they waken, I'll let you see them for a moment."

When the children came in to her she broke down utterly. For two or three hours, I believed she was going to die. But she rallied again, and now she's holding her own.

Sister, why in God's name a woman can be driven into Nancy's straits when she has friends alive is a thing of mystery.

My love to you all, TOM.

P. S.—I forgot to mention, Sister, that I married Nancy just a few minutes ago. It seemed best. If she should die, the children will have some one legally responsible for them. And, if she lives, she can take up life without any burden to frighten her. I put it to her just that way when the clergyman arrived. She refused to shift her troubles on to me, but I took advantage of her weak state.

If I pull her through— But there, that's enough for to-night.

DEAR SIS.—I've just received your letter in answer to that first one about Nancy. By now you have had the others. I did not write yesterday—too busy.

Well, Sister, never in my life have I felt happier about my profession than

[Concluded on page 99]



## UNCHARTED

[Continued from page 98]

now, knowing nobody could do more for Nancy and her little girls than I can do. Nancy is going to live—but it will take months to put her on her feet. The children I'll have in shape in no time. This morning I took them into the city and rigged them out completely. We brought home a load of toys, too. When they told their mother, she just keeled over.

I don't believe Nancy knows what to make of me yet. She asked me this morning whether I was sure I was right in my head. And the way she asked it made me want to laugh out loud, it was so like the way she used to bully me in that long ago. What a gleam of a girl she was!

By the way, Sister, Genevieve Longstreet quite slipped my mind until this morning when she called me on the 'phone to ask me to the Dawson's to dinner tonight. She is leaving there to-morrow. I told her I could not get there. Will you tell her a bit of what has happened when she sees you. How fortunate that I said nothing that would lead her to suppose I—

Ye Gods, Sis, it doesn't seem possible now that I actually thought seriously of asking that estimable young lady to marry me. Did I? Why, you know I wouldn't give Nancy's thin little white face for her whole beautiful body.

TOM.

DEAR SIS.—Answers to all my letters up to the last one I wrote you several days ago at hand. And, for the letter you wrote Nancy, God bless you.

How I did chuckle to myself when I saw, in my own handwriting, that list of specifications you returned to me.

And so you think it's love that's got me, love that's had me all these years, and I did not know it. But how can such a thing be possible and a man not know it? And yet, Nancy never was like other girls to me. She was Nancy; the rest all belonged in a class together. And when I admit that I'd rather have her than any perfect creature those specifications of mine would fit, it gives a man food for thought. But why tangle one's mind on the barbed wire of introspection! What's more to the point is to discover how Nancy feels toward me. B.t we always did get on famously, Nancy and I.

I want you, Sis, to do something for me. If it's possible, come to us for two or three days—week after next. By that time, I think Nancy will be able to sit up. And I'd like you to do a little shopping for her. And you also will, because I ask it, forget all that nonsense I wrote you previous to Nancy's arrival. I wouldn't have her know, for the world, about that idiotic stuff I wrote you. Specifications for love! God, forgive me for my presumption. Only the unknowing dare to believe it can be narrowed down to such.

TOM.

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**MR. AND MISS GRUNDY**

[Continued from page 15]

it was a sudden flash, all men have it, I presume, if they think their daughters aren't being shown deference. I see now that you're just a fool."

"But an honorable one," Kirby reminded him bitterly.

"Come down-stairs," his friend insisted, "to her mother."

"Her mother! So, you come to her mother when a storm breaks. Well, you are like all the rest, mediocre in your actions during a crisis."

"Don't stand there arguing that stuff. Suppose I am, and an idiot and all the rest—that's not what we're after; it's Laurie's foolish little idea of being engaged. Kirby, you may feel rough toward me for the way I've talked, but if you're really hard hit, old man—really—you know—why—I'm damned sorry for you."

Kirby was silent. Grundy peered into his face curiously. "Are you caring hard?" he urged gently.

"I have never asked any one else to be my wife." Kirby turned on his heel.

"Then it's a blooming shame." Grundy cried generously, "and Laurie should have known better. Of course, it's merely a passing experience with her, a new game, you understand—we're alike, she and I. But if it's gone deep"—he held out his hand—"go back to Lake Louise and remember it only as the prank of a child."

Kirby folded his arms meditatively. He threw back his black stocky head, and laughed. "Ye gods, you can dismiss a man's affections and your daughter's wishes with a wave of the hand—splendid! You forget we are not manikins or—your wife."

"Kirby"—Grundy's high forehead drew into a frown—"will you go down-stairs?"

"Then you wouldn't want me for a son-in-law, even if Laurie were in earnest?"

"Of course not," hotly argued Grundy.  
"Your reasons?"

"She's too young. Laurie will not marry for years. I've other plans for her. She ought to marry a foreigner; she has the temperament."

"Go down-stairs," imitated Kirby, laughing. Together, they left the roof garden.

They found Laurie and her mother in each other's arms, Laurie a crumpled, sobbing mite.

She did not rise as Amelia showed them in, but put her arms around Laurie protectingly. Kirby came forward.

"Mrs. Ganson, has Laurie told you? Laurie, dearest, it is all right, only you should have let me do as I begged."

"Mary,"—Grundy drew himself up to his full height—"I am afraid our daughter has been very foolish."

[Continued on page 101]



## MR. AND MISS GRUNDY

[Continued from page 100]

"Yes, of course," Mary patted the copper-colored curls tenderly, "we are all foolish at some time or other. How splendid that she was foolish only with those who love and understand."

"Perhaps she'd better go to bed while we talk about it," suggested Grundy.

Kirby laughed. "Grundy doesn't seem to realize that Laurie is of age, and that we are going to be married—he persists in thinking she is a variable flirt and that this is just another little game."

"I see," Mary nodded. "Laurie doesn't just know herself what she thinks, Martin."

"Laurie"—Kirby bent over her—"will you marry me?"

"You sha'n't marry him," burst forth Grundy.

"Do you want to marry him?" suggested her mother.

Laurie raised her head to stare defiantly at her father. "You've made me feel storm-tossed," she said angrily. "I haven't a single sincere thought in my head—because I'm like you."

"This is extremely foolish, Laurie. Mr. Kirby will understand that you are only a tired child. He is going home. He'll promise not to remember after—after the first of the year." Grundy, blind to the last, tried a jocular tactic.

His wife smiled. "Grundy's little looking-glass," she said softly, patting her daughter's head.

"Don't you want to marry me?" Kirby felt a steady, cruel wave of disappointment sweep over his hopes.

She looked at him through tear-stained eyes. "I don't suppose there is any use in trying to marry—my father didn't make a success of it."

"Laurie," began her father excitedly, "for heaven's sake tell Kirby you are sorry you've been so silly, and let's all go to bed. I was all upset. Fancy coming home to find your child being kissed," he appealed.

"So you sent her down to me! She's your little girl when she's awfully, awfully good, and she's my little girl when there's something perplexing."

"Mrs. Ganson, do you mind if we are engaged, if we wait a year and see if she still cares?"

Mary looked at Martin with a tender smile. "It is easier to know at the start, Martin, with this—this sort of people."

Grundy's teeth clicked. And yet—

"How can one know at the start?" It was as if he were alone with the October-afternoon woman.

"Well—there are ways." She roused Laurie. "Look up, dear, you've done nothing terrible. Just tell Mr. Kirby if you really do love him enough to be his wife—that is all we ask. If you don't, we'll decide what else will be best to do."

[Continued on page 103]



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## BACK YARDS TO THE FRONT

[Continued from page 11]

with each other to see who could plant and cultivate the best garden on an abandoned high-school playground. Each of these gardens was approximately a tenth of an acre in size; and, in my opinion, they were of the best that were presented during the summer.

The greater part of the gardening populace of the city enlisted in the movement. Many citizens, who had been successful on a small scale, arranged for and worked that vacant lot next door. Expert gardeners began to take a greater pride in their work and to offer the benefit of their experience to their neighbors. Seven of the best, most earnest gardeners, in some mysterious way, got themselves appointed as district leaders or advisers. Thus the amateur, with the aid from his district adviser, and the information received from frequent illustrated talks and from literature distributed at the general mass meetings, had little reason to fail if he worked conscientiously.

"Those mass meetings were a great help to me throughout the season," said one of the amateurs recently. "Besides lifting me out of immediate difficulties, they kept me reminded of the things to do in season—what follow-up crops to plant, how to combat the common pests, and how to can, dry, and store my surplus products." A garden column written by an expert, in one of the leading daily papers, added to the amateur's source of information.

Last, but not least, early in August there came Home Garden Day, the crowning event of the movement. A club membership sign, displayed in any garden, was taken as an index of hospitality and an invitation to citizens—members of the Home Garden Club, especially—to visit the garden and to become acquainted with the gardener thereof. The intense interest and the enthusiasm shown throughout Home Garden Day, as well as during the program of the evening, pledged a repetition of the occasion the next season.

While actual data is not available as to the economic value of the Home Garden Movement, we may safely conclude that products worth thousands of dollars were secured from lands which had been considered worthless—in fact, public nuisances. One of the two hundred amateurs states that his garden yielded a gross return of \$60.39, with a net return of \$31.12. Cost accounts, covering seeds, fertilizers, and labor, charged at factory prices per hour, with record of crops secured, charged at market prices on days of harvesting, enabled him to make this statement. Another gardener reported a gross return of \$26.46 and a net of \$19.40 from a plot 40 feet by 30 feet. An office girl who tended

[Concluded on page 103]

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Mrs. B. R. Cant, Dark Carmine.  
Eos, Bright Pink.  
Robin Hood, Clear Scarlet.  
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#### SPECIAL BARGAINS

6 Carnations, the "Divine Flower," all colors, 25c.  
6 Prize-Winning Chrysanthemums, 25c.  
6 Beautiful Coleus, 25c.  
3 Flowering Cannas, 25c.  
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3 Choice Hardy Iris, 25c.  
10 Lovely Gladioli, 25c.  
10 Superb Pansy Plants, 25c.  
15 Pkt. Flower Seeds, all different, 25c.

Any Five Collections for One Dollar, Post-Paid. Guarantee satisfaction. Once a customer, always one. Catalog Free. Miss ELLA V. BAINES, Box 41 Springfield, Ohio

## WING'S Quality SEEDS

Are dependable. Stand for big yields. We offer the best that can be grown and can supply you with all the standard varieties.

Almost everybody knows Wing's Red Sun-rise Tomato, the very best extra early sort we ever saw (packet only 10c). Some do not know that its fitting companion crop, Wing's Golden Sugar Corn, is the equal of Golden Bantam in sweetness and flavor and its superior in size, with an ear a half larger, practically as early too. Large packet for only 15c.

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Describes the best and most reliable sorts of vegetable, flower and field seeds, bulbs and some new and rare specialties which we believe can not be obtained through any other American Seedsmen. This Seed Guide gives cultural directions and tells how to plant for profit. Send for your copy today. Wing Seed Co., Box 113 Mechanicsburg, Ohio

## VICK'S GARDEN AND FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1918

#### IT'S FREE

#### WRITE TODAY

Based on our experience as one of the oldest and most enterprising and one of the largest importers of Aster and other seeds in America. 500 acres and 12 greenhouses in best seed growing section. Our Guide is full of helpful information about planting, etc.—an invaluable aid to a successful garden. Illustrates and describes leading Vegetables, Flowers, Farm Seeds, Plants and Fruits. With our Guide, the best we have issued, we will gladly include interesting booklet, "A Liberty Garden." Both are absolutely free.

Send for your copies today, before you forget.

**JAMES VICK'S SONS**  
3 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.  
The Flower City

## ROSES from SEED

Beautiful Roses in about 3 months after the seed is planted. Double and Single flowers. All tints and shades.

#### Bloom All Winter

Two to three year old plants often have more than 100 flowers.

**For 10c** I will send a full size packet of this wonderful New Novelty. My new Seed Book tells about the best of everything in flowers to make your surroundings beautiful. Write for it.

**A. CHARLOTTE HAINES, Dept. 30, Minneapolis, Minn.**

## New Beautiful Fern

### "Fluffy Ruffles"

Newest, daintiest and loveliest of the ostrich-plumed type. Strong, vigorous, hardy—will grow and thrive in any home. Makes whole house cheerful.

**4** Fancy Ferns Postpaid for 35c

One Fluffy Ruffles and 3 others—The Boston, arched and interlaced with long, sword-like fronds; Emerald Feather, a drooping, feathery sort; and a Dainty Table Fern, a fitting ornament for any nook or corner.

**All Nice Growing Plants.** Will quickly grow in size and value. Send 35 cents today for these four fine ferns together with our complete catalog of desirable Seeds, Plants and Bulbs.

**Iowa Seed Co., Dept. J Des Moines, Ia.**

## BACK YARDS TO THE FRONT

[Continued from page 102]

her garden in early morning or in the evening, says: "I sold my carrots for \$7.50. Seed for the crop cost me ten cents. I had to pay nothing for the part of the vacant lot used, and I did all the work myself. Isn't that pretty good for a beginner?" I learned, also, that she had stored bushels of parsnips for sale next spring.

The worth of the Ithaca Garden Movement cannot be measured in net returns per area cultivated. Through such a movement, food products may be secured at a minimum cost. But, from the larger and broader aspect, unnecessary traffic is avoided on products grown at home; equal amounts of less perishable foods are released for our Allies; and individuals contributing to its success have the satisfaction of knowing they are doing their share to win a victory for themselves and for the nation.

## MR. AND MISS GRUNDY

[Continued from page 101]

"We are really deciding whether—whether we shall spank our child, aren't we?" interrupted Grundy, glad of the crumb of partnership.

Mary did not seem to hear.

"Mother—tell me, what shall I do?" cried Laurie with an earnestness new to all who heard her. "You tell me!"

With an unconscious look of triumph, Mary bent her head down close and answered steadily. "Ask yourself if you can love this man with all your heart, not only through the budding, happy romance of youth, but through the trying years of readjustment and progress, dull, routine years of child-bearing and raising, days when the honeymoon has waned and you are left, as are all women, Laurie, to make of your life something which the mere ceasing of lover's attentions shall not mar or annoy. Do you feel that you can give yourself to this man as a wife does to her husband—the kiss returned, not the kiss endured? Can you follow him out to his loved wilderness and make of it your home, since it is already your husband's? You will leave your mother, oh, not in the ways the world calls leave, but you will leave her protection, her foresight, the care that she gave you from the time you lay in her arms—and even before. That must cease when a woman marries, or else, in time, a tangled household results, with the husband feeling that his wife has shirked responsibility and told tales on him! Can you take responsibility, Laurie, and hardships, perhaps, and disappointments, and keep in your heart the smile that only love puts there?

[Continued on page 104]

# Burpee's Seeds Grow



### Burpee's Sweet Peas

are a revelation of daintiness and beauty. They are today the most popular Sweet Peas in cultivation.

We were the first to grow the Spencer type in America, and at our Flora-dale Ranch, the California Home of Sweet Peas, are produced the magnificent strains that have proved unsurpassed.

The Collections offered below include the finest of these varieties.

### Six Superb Spencers

**For 25c** we will mail one packet each of the following: AGRICOLA, white, suffused with silvery lilac; BURPEE'S BLEND FOR 1918, finest mixture ever offered; DAINTY SPENCER, beautiful white, pink edged; ELFRIKA PEARSON, a lovely pink; GEORGE HERBERT, bright rosy carmine; MRS. ROUTZAHN, a apricot, flushed with delicate pink, together with "The Burpee Leaflet on Sweet Pea Culture."

If purchased separately the above Seeds would cost 60c.

### Six Newer Spencers

**For 50c** we will mail one packet each of the following popular varieties, together with leaflet, "How to Grow Sweet Peas": FIERY CROSS, a unique fire-red self; MARGARET ATLEE, the best cream pink; ROYAL PURPLE, rich warm rosy purple; CONSTANCE HINTON, large white; ILLUMINATOR, glowing cerise-salmon; BLUE GEM, a beautiful shade of mid-blue.

If purchased separately the above Collection would cost 75c.

### Burpee's Annual for 1918

#### The Leading American Seed Catalog

contains the latest and most reliable information about the "Best Seeds that Grow." 216 pages, with 103 colored illustrations of the latest novelties and hundreds of illustrations of every variety of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. It is mailed free to those who write for it. A post card will do. Write for your copy today, and please mention "McCall's Magazine."

### W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.

Burpee Buildings Philadelphia



## Secretary McAdoo AND His Message To You



"Relying to your telegram, I am pleased to know of the interest of McCall's Magazine in the Treasury Department's Campaign for thrift saving in connection with the sale of War Savings Certificates and thrift stamps, and shall deeply appreciate your cooperation."

W. G. McAdoo.

## War Savings Stamps Save Them—Help Win the War

Our country in its great war has called a million men to arms. Millions of other men have subscribed to the Liberty Loan. Now it is calling upon the women of America to do their part by saving War Savings Stamps. You must be ready to help!

## McCall's Offer to You

McCall's will give you one 25-cent War Savings Stamp for every yearly subscription (other than your own) you get for McCall's Magazine at 75c., or two years at \$1.25. In addition, McCall's will give you an extra 25-cent stamp as soon as you have sent four subscriptions (a total of five 25-cent War Savings Stamps for every four subscriptions), and when you have secured a total of twelve subscriptions and thus have earned fifteen 25-cent stamps, McCall's will exchange the fifteen stamps for a \$5.00 War Savings Certificate.

**START** Just as soon as you send your first order we will tell you just what to do—so don't bother now with all the details, but get your first subscriptions right away, and send them in.

## McCall's War Savings Club

236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

LB Fe '19



## MR. AND MISS GRUNDY

[Continued from page 103]

Neither you nor Martin know each other; years together will but faintly teach you! Do you think that you can bear the disillusionments which come to every wife, condone his faults, magnify and be proud of his virtues? Do you think that you can hold yourself apart from him—the greatest secret a wife can learn—and only from some other wife who has learned too late? To keep a charm, a magic something which shall always make him eager to be with you, to tell you his hopes and fears, to have you in his arms? No pretty, varying child, no matter how amusing at first, can do this. Nor can a wilful girl, though her lips are red and sweet to kiss. It takes a woman, Laurie, shrewd and capable—can you do all of this?"

Laurie did not answer.

"If you cannot,"—Mary closed her eyes—"send him back to mourn a lost ideal—it is kinder so."

Laurie looked up with startled, timid eyes. Something about her mother seemed majestic, an oracle suddenly given the power of speech.

Her small hands stole out to clasp folds of the soft, blue gown. Then she said softly: "Martin—please go back—I think—it was just—a—whim!"

Mary laid her hand on Martin's arm. "Dear, it is better to understand from the first," she whispered. "I know."

Kirby bowed. No courtier receiving banishment could have taken dismissal more nobly. "Thank you," he told Laurie's mother. "Tell the little girl not—not to worry."

Laurie buried her head again.

"Don't cry," finished Kirby, his brown eyes large and thoughtful. "It was wrong of me to have ever bothered you. You sha'n't ever have to see me again."

Kirby left the room.

Then Laurie, lifting herself lamely, stood beside her mother as she had stood, penitent and forgiven, so many, many times. "What would you have me do now, Mother?" she asked softly.

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

The last time Mr. Grundy had seen his baby daughter she was intended for the missions of Kickaboo. Grundy's wife was most seriously concerned, in those days, with far-away missions and the family wagon works. Grundy was concerned with the latest in musical comedy, in etchings, and in things alive, in general; concerned with saving his daughter from Kickaboo! There was a divorce and, ever since, Grundy had been living in a sumptuous New York apartment amusing himself with a futurist cook, freak dinners, and freak humans. He had just left the room after telling the whole sad tale to Kirby, his backwoods friend, when the "missionary" herself—vision in pink tulle—climbs in through the window and promptly kisses Kirby, assuming he is her father. Soon after, Grundy himself returns and learns that his little girl has

bought that very apartment house for no other reason than to get acquainted with him. Laurie and her mother are to live in the house, too, he learns! Later, Grundy calls on Laurie's mother, expecting to find a pious, stern Mrs. Grundy, but seeing, instead, a mellow, sweet, womanly woman. She confesses, gleefully, that she had been impossible in the old days, but that Laurie is educating her. The two "families" see a great deal of each other, and Grundy is rapidly falling "back" in love with Mary. One day he courageously makes timid, ardent advances, but she is gently indifferent. He pleads for some harsh task for the empty years ahead, and she bids him prove himself capable of a great self-sacrifice! Meanwhile, the changeable Laurie and big, brown Kirby are causing Grundy no end of worry! They have been seeing far too much of each other!

[Continued in the April McCall's]

# COLEO

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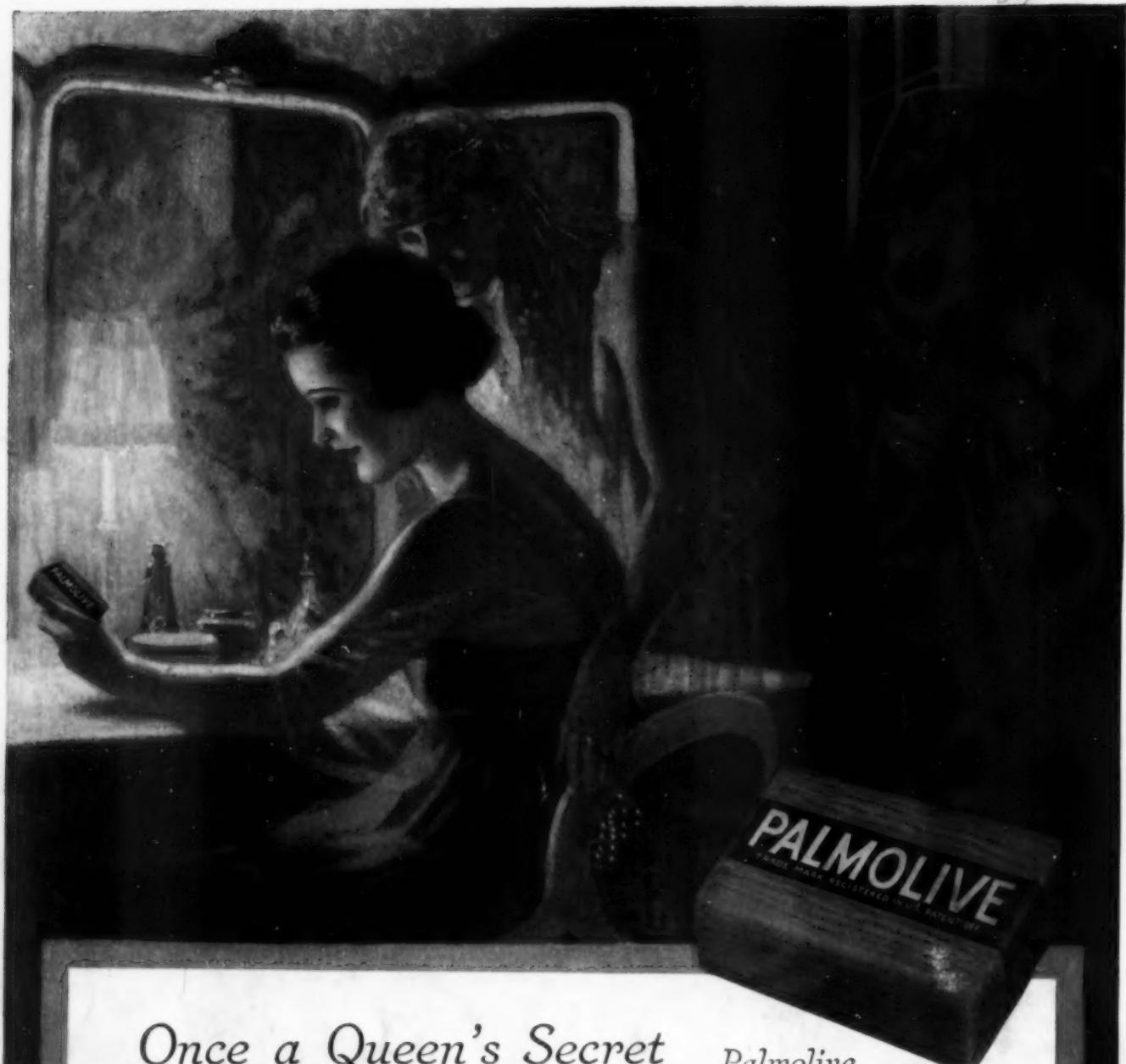
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